3-4-47

new masses

DO YOU WANT TAX RELIEF?

Here is a program

by DONALD FREEMAN

GREECE: FIVE POEMS FROM THE UNDERGROUND

THE SHIP FROM ATHENS

by Howard Fast

Jan Christian Smuts: STORY OF A TYRANT

by W. E. B. Du Bois

MARCH 4, 1947

VOL. LXII • No. 10

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just a minute

"LET me know," Dr. Haldane said as he left for the ship to return home, "how NM's drive makes out." By now, the eminent scientist is back in his London laboratory and we will be letting him know. You know, that's something to think about: this remarkable mind that ferrets out the secrets of the gene, and is at home in the constellations, also wants to know how the bookkeeping department's doing. And, on page 6, he tells why. We recommend you ponder his letter, and show it to all your friends.

Well, as Dr. Haldane recommended, we will be writing him air-mail, not cabling him. We must say that right now we cannot send him news of cheer about our financial drive. To date, since the campaign began in these pages three weeks ago, $2,129 has come in, from 276 NEW MASSES readers. Which is a very far cry from the $40,000 we must raise in the next four months.

A little arithmetic tells us (and by this time NM editors are pretty handy at number-work, and for good reason) $2,500 must be raised each week to meet the absolute minimum total that will help keep this magazine afloat. And the rate of income from our drive, to date, is $700 a week.

Not good, gentle reader, not good. It means that we do not know, from week to week, whether the issue will come out, what NM's fate will be. You work with the heavy feeling that maybe, one of these fine days, no issue will hit the stands—and believe me, that is a terrible hardship under which to operate. You work with your heart in your mouth and your eye on the creditor. And you imagine the raucous laughter arising from the Congressional corridors where Rankin stalks, the day NM fails to appear. "One down," we can imagine him saying. "One down. Not a bad start."

Do you want to hear that? Well, there's a good way of preventing it. And you know what that is. Prof. Haldane has some suggestions on page 6.

MEANWHILE life marches on, and we make the best editorial plans we know. Remember that rugged day last week when the printer said he refused to go to press, unless . . . well, that day was not one of unmitigated gloom. Just as the printer left our office, with his handful of bills, Dick Boyer walked in, just back from Europe, and brightened the day for us with his stories of London.

The whole world's talking about London and the Empire these days—you've read the headlines—and Dick had much to say about it. Among the many things he told us was of his interview with Harry Pollitt, the head of the British Communist Party.

Harry, who is an old friend of NM's, said a lot about current events in Britain and the Empire, about today and the outlook for tomorrow. And Boyer will let you know what Pollitt feels in his forthcoming series on Britain. Dick also spent considerable time talking to Bill Rust, editor of the London *Daily Worker*, and we urge you to make doubly sure you don't miss the next NM issues coming up.

Before you get this week's issue, and on the day we go to press, many New Yorkers are going down to let the Board of Education know how they feel about banning Howard Fast's book, *Citizen Tom Paine*. We'll let you know how it turned out, in the following issue. Meanwhile we recommend to you Fast's piece in the current number, and the Greek poems accompanying it. So many things are happening of world import these days that you are inclined to overlook some of the greatest. Like the heroism of the Greek resistance. Incidentally, we feel the poems by the anonymous Greek heroes in this issue are among the finest that have been written this century. Byron would have gloried in them, and once again you know, as we have always said, cannon and bombs cannot atomize the proud, beautiful spirit of man. Socrates and the heroes of Thermopylae live again in these terrific poems. In the stubborn, unyielding resistance of the Greek people.

J.N.

new masses

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Sales • Movies • Tobacco

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Telephone • Transportation

Real Estate • State Income

Federal Income • Utilities

by DONALD FREEMAN

TAXES

How much do you pay?

When you add up the facts —and count your change— you will see that here is a tax program you need

IN THE field of taxation, more than in any other, the forces of reaction —big business and the reactionary Democratic-Republican coalitions in Congress—have succeeded in imposing on the workers, farmers, small businessmen, professionals, veterans, small property-owners and the rest of the middle classes, a consistently regressive series of laws unbroken by a single progressive act. At times a particular piece of tax legislation may have appeared on its surface to be progressive but, on examination, proved only to be window-dressing for the underlying effort to shift the costs of government onto those in the middle and lower income groups.

According to a survey conducted by the US Department of Agriculture and reported in the "Federal Reserve Bulletin," July, 1946, only 3% of the families in the United States have incomes of more than $7,500 a year. The question which must be decided by Congress is whether its tax program is to benefit chiefly those comprising the 3% of our population who enjoy the largest incomes, or whether it will benefit the rest of us in the lower and middle income groups who comprise 97% of the families of America.

The 97% of the American families who earn less than $7,500 a year are paying out about 25% of their incomes in direct and hidden taxes. Sounds almost unbelievable, but it's true. In many cases we pay more for taxes than we pay for rent. Our tax bill is probably equal to about 50% of our food bill.

These figures are not figments of the imagination, much as we might wish they were. In order to illustrate, let's take two professional workers—one earns $50 a week, the other $100. We shall assume that both are married and neither has any children. The $50 salary is subject to a weekly deduction of $5.50 for federal income and social security taxes, while the $100 salary is subject to a weekly deduction of $15.10 for the same taxes. In addition to these direct taxes, which are deducted before the pay checks even reach our two workers, there are literally dozens of other hidden and direct taxes which they have to pay. I shall list only a few here:

Real Estate Tax — Whether you own your home or not, you pay the taxes on it. Your landlord passes on

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his property taxes by adding them into your rent bill. Our $50 worker pays at least $3 a week in hidden real estate taxes while our $100 worker pays at least $5.

Sales Tax—Rates vary from one to three percent depending on the state. Our $50 worker pays approximately 60 cents a week in this most regressive of all taxes, while our $100 worker pays approximately 80 cents.

Cigarette Tax—If our worker and his wife smoke a pack a day each, he pays 98 cents a week in cigarette taxes, irrespective of income.

State Income Tax — This varies from state to state. A fair assumption, however, is that our $50 worker pays 30 cents a week while our $100 worker pays $1.30.

Telephone Tax — Whether you have a telephone in your home or not, you pay a tax every time you make a call. A fair estimate of this tax is 25 cents a week, irrespective of income.

Admissions Tax—Every time our worker and his wife go to a movie, or concert or play, they pay a 20% admission tax. Our $50 worker probably pays an average of 40 cents a week, while our $100 worker probably pays an average of 60 cents a week.

Transportation Taxes—If you own a car, your license fees and gas and oil taxes cost over $1.50 a week. If you don't own a car but ride the buses, streetcars, or subways, a large part of the fare goes for hidden taxes.

This list could go on for several more paragraphs, but let me merely mention a few more of these unjust taxes:

Sugar—½ cent a pound.

Electricity—3½% of the bill.

Electric light bulbs—20% of the cost.

Radios, refrigerators, toasters, etc. —10% of the cost.

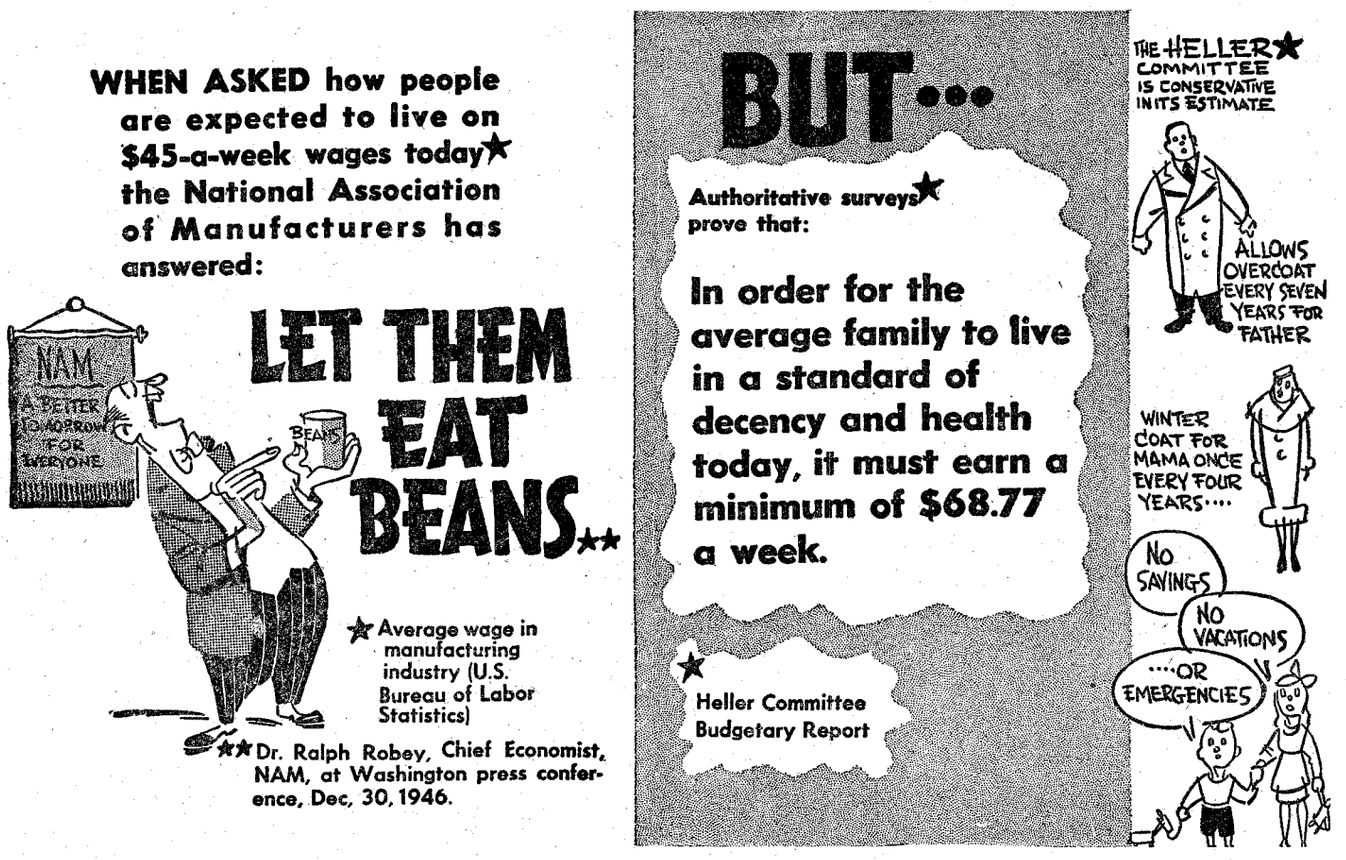
Cosmetics—20% of the cost.

Pocketbooks or billfolds—20% of the cost.

Thus the tax bill bears a considerable responsibility for the fact that we are getting further and further away from a minimum standard of health and decency. We have heard a lot of talk from Republican politicians about a 20% cut across-the-board in individual income taxes. The NAM and its Congressional pageboys are proposing such a reduction as *fair and equal* treatment of all taxpayers. It sounds good. Twenty percent reduction for you and 20% reduction for your neighbor. Twenty percent for our $50-a-week professional worker, 20% reduction for our $100-a-week worker, 20% reduction for the $100,000-a-year head of Armour and Company, and 20% reduction for the $275,000-a-year head of Republic Steel Corporation. These 20% cuts, however, will increase the take-home pay of our $50 a week worked by $1. Our $100-a-week worker will get $2.90 more. But, the $100,000-a-year head of Armour will get an increase of $243 a week, and the $275,000-a-year head of Republic will get an increase of $819 a week.

Expressed another way, a 20% cut across-the-board will give our $50-a-week worker a 2% increase in take-home pay. It will give our $100-a-week worker a 3% increase. But, it will give the $100,000-a-year head of Armour a 34% increase, and the $275,000-a-year head of Republic a 69% increase. This is not equality. *This is only another tax windfall for the rich.*

Not only is the method of raising the money in the federal budget regressive, but the purposes for which a great part of it is to be used are just as bad, if not worse. Thirty-three percent of the total budget proposed by


WHEN ASKED how people are expected to live on $45-a-week wages today★ the National Association of Manufacturers has answered:
LET THEM EAT BEANS★★
NAM
A BETTER TOMORROW FOR EVERYONE
BEANS
★Average wage in manufacturing industry (U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics)
★★Dr. Ralph Robey, Chief Economist, NAM, at Washington press conference, Dec, 30, 1946.
BUT...
Authoritative surveys★ prove that:
In order for the average family to live in a standard of decency and health today, it must earn a minimum of $68.77 a week.
★Heller Committee Budgetary Report
THE HELLER★ COMMITTEE IS CONSERVATIVE IN ITS ESTIMATE
ALLOWS OVERCOAT EVERY SEVEN YEARS FOR FATHER
WINTER COAT FOR MAMA ONCE EVERY FOUR YEARS....
NO SAVINGS
NO VACATIONS
....OR EMERGENCIES

From a pamphlet issued by the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers-CIO.

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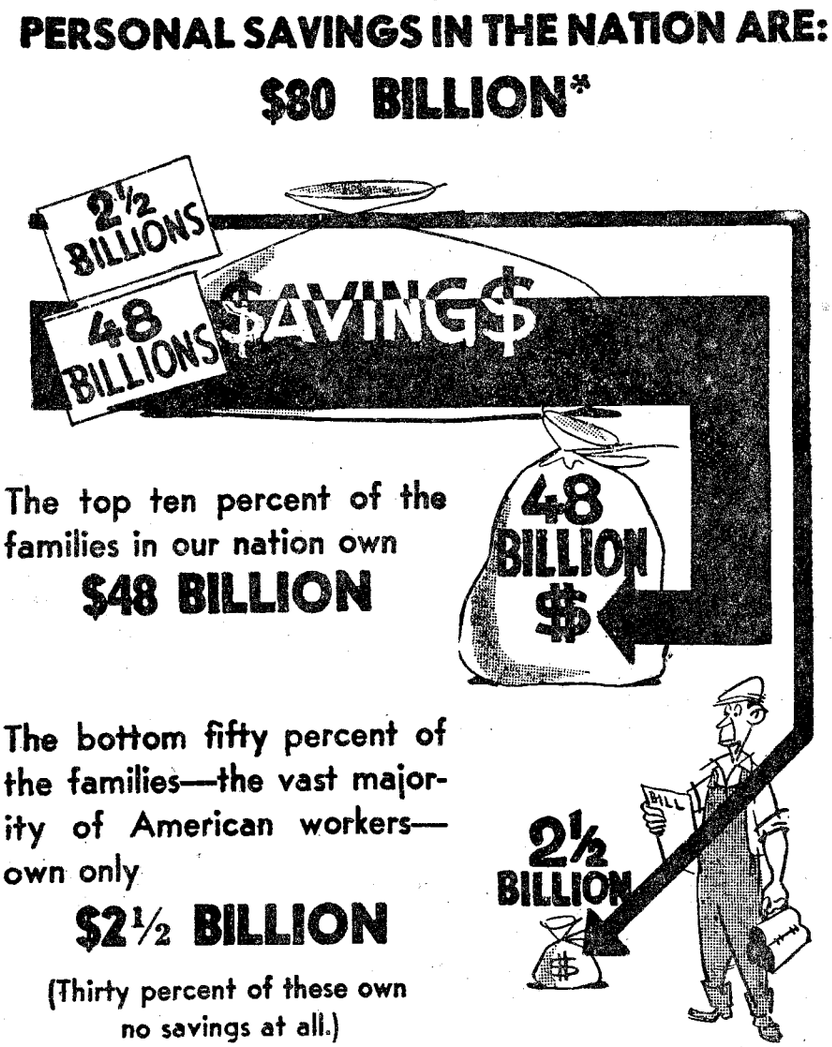
President Truman is to be spent in preparing for future wars. In 1940, the last pre-war year, during which the United States had already begun to arm, the total military expenditures were $1,800,000,000. Today the President's budget provides for the expenditure of $12,300,000,000 for this purpose during the second post-war year. All this at a time when the Vandenbergs, Dulles' and Connallys are trying so hard to convince the rest of the world, as well as the people of the United States, that our government has only peaceful intentions.

Educational allowances are so small that hundreds of thousands of veterans cannot possibly take advantage of the higher education to which they are entitled. Pensions are so inadequate that disabled veterans are forced to accept employment injurious to their health or to live in abject poverty. Despite these facts, which are well known to both the Truman administration and the Republicans in Congress, the budgets proposed by both make no provisions for increased veterans' pensions and benefits. Nor do the Republican proposals recommend any increase in amounts to be spent for public health, social security, education, or any of the other social services which should be functions of a democratic government. On the other hand, they propose to cut aids to agriculture by two-thirds and public housing from $400,000,000 to zero.

The tax program which the American people need is a very simple one. It consists of only four points:

I. *Raise Exemptions.* It is estimated that in October, 1946, it required $70.52 a week to maintain an industrial worker, his wife and two children at a *minimum* standard of health and decency, with no provisions for savings, vacations or emergencies. For a white-collar family this would be at least $10 more, or $80.52 a week—almost $4,200 a year as a minimum. In a country such as ours, which has an abundance of wealth, everyone should enjoy *tax-free* a sufficient amount to provide his family with more than a minimum standard. They should have vacations. They should have savings. They should be able to take care of emergencies without resorting to charity. That is why I think that *personal exemptions should be raised to* $2,000 *for a single individual,* $3,500 *for a married couple, and* $750 *for each dependent.*


PERSONAL SAVINGS IN THE NATION ARE:
$80 BILLION*
2½ BILLIONS
48 BILLIONS
$AVING$
The top ten percent of the families in our nation own
$48 BILLION
48 BILLION $
The bottom fifty percent of the families—the vast majority of American workers—own only
$2½ BILLION
(Thirty percent of these own no savings at all.)
2½ BILLION
BILL
* Figures by U. S. Federal Reserve Board (1946)
UE-CIO.

II. *Repeal Hidden Taxes on Necessities.* On June 30, 1947, many of the wartime hidden taxes will automatically terminate. The Democrats and Republicans in Washington, from President Truman down, plan to soak the poor by putting all these taxes back into effect. They call them luxury taxes and say we can afford to pay them. Most of these taxes, however, are collected from people in the lower income brackets who cannot afford to pay them.

It is one thing to charge a high tax on a five-dollar ticket to the opera, but it is quite another thing to charge a tax on a ticket to the movies. It is one thing to charge a high tax on a thousand-dollar fur coat, but it is quite another thing to charge a tax on a five-dollar pocketbook.

All taxes on necessities — whether they be called excise taxes, sugar tax, tobacco tax, or tax on admissions—should be repealed. Taxes on luxuries must be continued.

III. *Raise Taxes on Corporations.* The profit steals of the multi-million-dollar American corporations during 1946 were a direct result of the war and should have been taxed to the same extent as the war profits. This will continue to be the case in 1947. It is only because of the sacrifices and shortages endured by the American people during the war that the corporations have been able to reap the highest profits in history. *The excess profits tax should be reenacted without provision for carry-back or carry forward. It was these provisions which made it possible for the government to give large corporations billions of dollars in tax refunds to help them break strikes and sabotage price controls.*

IV. *Close Loopholes.* The present tax law contains so many loopholes

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that the more "expert" advice a capitalist can buy, the more income taxes he can legally evade. It is possible to earn millions of dollars a year and pay little or no income taxes. Just a few of these loopholes are: (a) Tax-free interest on certain bonds. State and local bonds and some federal bonds are tax-free. Ironically enough, the war bonds designed for small investors are *not* tax-free. (b) Operation of phony businesses such as country estates, yachts, etc. These are considered as deductible losses. (c) Capital gains. The maximum tax on speculation profits on investments held for more than six months is 25%, regardless of the amount of profit. (d) Filing separate returns by husband and wife. In many cases, this cuts the tax almost in half.

All loopholes should be closed by making all income fully taxable, regardless of its source, by requiring husbands and wives to file joint returns, and by disallowing phony losses to the rich.

To sum up: In 1939, individuals earning less than $5,000 a year paid less than 10% of the total individual income tax bill. In 1942, individuals earning less than $5,000 a year paid almost 50% of the total individual income tax bill. While figures for later years are not yet available, this regressive soak-the-poor trend of shifting the tax burden has continued with each new revenue law.

The Revenue Act of 1944 was passed over the veto of President Roosevelt after he had labelled it "a tax relief bill providing relief not for the needy but for the greedy." This act embodied a gift—a refund of excess profits tax—of over $3,000,000,000 to American corporations already bulging with war profits. The Revenue Act of 1945 embodied an additional gift—elimination of the excess profits tax—of over $3,000,000,000 to the same American corporations.

Is the Revenue Act of 1947 going to contain another multi-billion dollar gift to the "greedy" at the expense of the "needy"? Our Senators and Representatives in Washington must be made to realize that we—the 97% of the people who earn less than $7,500 a year—elected them to represent *us* and not the 3% in the top income brackets. They ought to be told the kind of tax program that *we* want.

A Letter from Haldane

Dear New Masses Reader: There is a possibility that New Masses may have to cease publication. Let me give you two reasons why I think this would be disastrous. New Masses presents the Marxist point of view. Now you may not be a Marxist. But you have to admit that Marxism is a major intellectual force in France, Czechoslovakia and Poland, and an important one in Britain, Holland and other European countries, in Latin America and Asia—not to mention the Soviet Union. International understanding demands that Americans should understand how Marxists are thinking, not only on politics but on science and other branches of culture.

At the present moment science is in very grave danger. In two fields, namely nuclear physics and bacteriology, it is being smothered by secrecy and geared into the service of destruction rather than of increased production, let alone the direct service of human needs. These tendencies will spread rapidly to other fields unless they are checked. New Masses has played a leading part in showing up these tendencies, and a unique part in analyzing the forces behind them. It must be emphasized that many of these forces are anti-American in that, if not checked, they will certainly decrease the efficiency of American science, which grew up in an atmosphere of free discussion. We have the same troubles in Britain but, so far, less developed.

If New Masses is able to continue, it will aid all democratic forces to support scientists the world over to put their knowledge at the disposal of the people, rather than of monopolists or militarists. I will do what I can to help it, but as I am neither a physicist nor a bacteriologist, this cannot be much. Other scientists must play the leading part.

However, there is an economic side to the matter. If you will send a donation to help keep New Masses alive and strong, we shall be able to begin at once. Without added donations, it will not be able to survive.

When this letter reaches you I shall be on the ocean. The editors have promised to let me know the result of the appeal. They wanted to cable me. I am for economy. They are going to write instead. I am confident that the appeal will be met, but only if you do your bit, as thousands of European intellectuals are doing at the moment. However, I have full confidence that Americans, in the long run, can see a danger as clearly as any European.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. S. Haldane

(*See page* 8.)

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JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS: STORY OF A TYRANT

How South Africa's ruler rose to power on double-talk and double-dealing. The ways of hypocrisy.

By W. E. B. DU BOIS

THERE is no person who illustrates better the confusion and paradox of our present situation than Jan Christian Smuts. It is characteristic that he should be named "Christian." It is characteristic that he should be the man who lately presided over the British War Council in the absence of Churchill; that he should be called "one of the world's few illustrious men" and at the same time stand to most of us as the typical representative of the hypocrisy, double-dealing and coldly-calculated cruelty of the modern world.

I am at a loss to understand how Mr. Smuts regards himself. I saw him at San Francisco in 1945, standing before the assembled nations of the world and pleading for "human rights." A year later, before the United Nations, he was asking that the natives of Southwest Africa be turned over to the Union of South Africa, to be treated as the natives are there: that is, disfranchised, forbidden to form or join labor unions, compelled to accept the lowest of modern wages under partially slave conditions, deprived of practically all civil rights.

What can this man think of himself? How did he come to be? To seek answers for this, we must become familiar with his background. We must remember that he belonged to the Boers, "God-fearing men" who regarded the natives of South Africa as made for their benefit, and who said in the constitution of their church, "There shall never be any equality between blacks and whites in South Africa"; and there never has been.

Until he was twelve years old, this boy was unable to read and write and spoke a language which was a mixture of South African Dutch and native Bantu dialect. He probably never forgets this and despises black folk accordingly.

When he got a chance to go to school, he studied coldly and furiously and with single mind, until he landed at Christ Church College, Cambridge University, England. Here then, are two keys to his career: his lowly birth and discouraging surroundings, and his sudden acquaintance with the might of accomplishment of the British Empire. He had intellectual ambitions. He wrote while in college on the personality of Walt Whitman. He became a lawyer and returned to South Africa.

There he came in contact with Cecil Rhodes and became a firm servant of capitalistic investment. It is ominous that in the very year he was born, diamonds were found at Kimberly; and when he was sixteen and beginning his English education, gold was found on the Witwatersrand.

In 1895, Smuts opened his law office at Cape Town, and became an eager follower of Cecil Rhodes, who was bent on making Africa British. But what Smuts wanted was the capitalistic development of South Africa for the benefit of the Boers; and he wanted power especially. As the Boers taunted him later:

Jannie's for South Africa,
One and great and free.
But he says, "If you want it so,
You must leave it all to me."

When England, through Dr. Jameson, tried to seize control of South Africa, this was too much for Smuts. He was left out of the inner circle. He withdrew to leadership of the Boers and developed hatred toward England and especially toward Milner, the High Commissioner.

The Boer War came in 1899 and Smuts became the guerrilla chief, fighting for the Boers against the English. He was nearly killed by the black Basutos, but he saved Winston Churchill, then a war correspondent, from being shot, and put him in a detention camp. Finally when peace came Smuts was one of the chief negotiators, although characteristically not regularly appointed so that he did not have actually to vote.

BOTHA, the chief Boer leader, and Smuts now became the leaders of South Africa and Smuts naturally had to pay for his change of face. He was hated by the Boers, he was suspected by the English. But he played a smooth double game until, in 1910, he secured self-rule for the Union of South Africa from the British and control of the black labor force by disfranchizing them and the colored people.

Botha died in 1919, but in the meantime Smuts had fought through the First World War in Southwest Africa and in East Africa, and had spent much time in England, as a member of the Imperial War Cabinet. He was flattered, honored, and groomed for securing British investment in African wealth for the Em-

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pire. He was rapidly becoming the first South African. Naturally he was for the League of Nations; but to illustrate specifically what that meant, let us for a moment stop and remember the Bondelschwarts.

Once upon a time the word "Bondelschwarts" evoked among intelligent readers the response: "Southwest Africa" and "Smuts." But that was twenty-five years ago and we have forgotten. On Sept. 8, 1922, the Assembly of the League of Nations listened to a speech by a Negro from Haiti, Dantes Bellegarde, calling attention to the "League's duties to mankind" and referring to "the recent reported massacre of Bondelschwarts Hottentots by a South African expeditionary force." Bellegarde asked full investigation. The United States controller of Haitian finances promptly disallowed the Haitian delegate's expenses as a member of the Assembly, but the Assembly ordered the Mandates Commission to investigate.

The commission was embarrassed. It had no right to investigate or summon any witness except the South African government itself. Prime Minister Smuts admitted that to quell "a revolt" he had sent a force of 390 men with four machineguns and two bombing planes against a tribe of natives of whom less than 200 were alleged to have had shotguns; only forty-five guns were actually found. The South Africans killed over a hundred men, women and children, and wounded several hundred more.

"Why?" asked the Mandates Commission, very politely. Well, the real reasons for the revolt were not clear. But a commission of inquiry appointed by Smuts himself showed that these natives had not paid the tax on sheep dogs. This tax, which the Germans, when in control, had not levied at all, had been raised by the Union from no tax on one dog and $1.25 on a second, to $5.00 on the first and $50.00 for ten dogs. The natives could not pay and between September, 1921, and January, 1922, over a hundred of them had been arrested as tax delinquents and fined ten dollars each.

There were other grievances, connected with the fact that hereditary chiefs had been displaced and that the poor Boer farmers pouring in from the Union (over 20,000 between 1914 to 1936) had no money to pay hired labor and scarcely needed to, as they were allowed to "recruit" their own labor wherever they found it. Natives naturally complained, but as the white commissioner testified "there was no mass insurrection," and the rising could have been prevented by timely action by the authorities. The Mandates Commission decided in a burst of understatement that the occurrence was "regrettable" and the repression "carried out with excessive severity."

Thereupon, General Smuts and South Africa, being satisfied that the Mandates Commission was powerless, rolled up their sleeves and went to work. They gave the law-making power over these 300,000 square miles of territory, with 300,000 natives, exclusively to the white administrator, with a council elected by the whites. They allowed the natives to keep fifteen percent of the land and gave thirty percent to the whites outright with a good prospect of getting the other fifty-five percent in due time. They transferred the Union native legislation bodily to the Mandate, with pass-laws and concentration areas. Practically black labor was reduced to serfdom and not a single government school has yet, in 1947, been established, although the government gives a pittance to 4,000 native pupils in the eighty-three mission schools which serve the whole colony.

Why is Mr. Smuts, the great humanitarian, so anxious and insistent on this great expanse of desert, somewhat larger than Texas with only one inhabitant to a square mile? The fact is there are diamonds, gold, tin, vanadium and other minerals in the territory and a good trade in hides. These are being developed by investors from Europe and America. Before the last war over $100,000,000 of foreign capital had been invested in Southwest Africa, and the Union government had obligingly stepped in and helped protect the diamond monopoly in accordance with the pattern now in use in the Union of South Africa.

In other words, Southwest Africa is part of that vast investment of industry in Africa which depends for its profits on the low wages of labor, primitive conditions of work and the seizure of the land. Small wonder that Great Britain agrees with Mr. Smuts, while the United States, represented by the pious Mr. Dulles, has climbed carefully on the fence to overlook the situation.

After the First World War, Smuts made alliance with Hertzog, who represented the Boers and hated him. But through the alliance he became eventually Prime Minister of South Africa and a most eminent Englishman. He lectured on "freedom" at St. Andrew's University in 1934; he spoke on "plans for a better world" in 1942. He found time to write and publish a philosophical treatise on "Holism" in which he said, "The rise of self-protection of wholes in the Whole is the slow but unerring process of this holistic universe."

And yet this is the man who refuses to give to the black South African, even though he may be a university graduate and of unblemished character, any voice, not only in government, but even in industry; and who does this because unless he stands on this platform, he loses his political leadership of the Union of South Africa. If this is not the essence of opportunistic hypocrisy, then the word has lost its meaning.

Here's my contribution to NM's fund drive . . .

To NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

$.....is enclosed as my initial contribution.

IN ADDITION, I want to pledge $.....so that NM can fully cover its planned budget. (Please indicate date or dates of your pledged donations.)

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City ..... Zone .....

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The Glory that is Greece

FIVE POEMS

The authors of the following poems are Greek anti-fascists, members of the resistance movement. The thirty-three, or December, days referred to in the poems were those in the winter of 1944-45, during which Athens and Piraeus were subjected to bombing, strafing, artillery and tank attacks by the British forces under General Scobie, in support of the monarcho-fascist and collaborationist groups which have since then established a reign of terror in Greece.

THIRTY-THREE DAYS

Thus it happened then in Greece.
A strong wind was blowing those days from the West,
And clouds gathered and covered the horizon.
And on those days the militia presented a petition to His Excellency:
If you wish us to kill more, they said, you should raise our wage;
The Germans also were masters, but they paid us better . . .
And the people crowded the streets those days and swelled and moaned.
And the merchants of the people were foregathered in council:
Your Excellency, they said, the freedom of the people is calamitous to the interests of the King;
At any cost, Your Excellency, we should . . .
And they shut the windows and began writing obscure orders.
And even babes in their cradles understood and began to wail.
And the people gathered and called them thieves,
For they had purchased their freedom with abundant blood,
And they asked the price of their dead and called them thieves.
Anguished inscriptions and brief crowded that day under the clouds.
Their forest swayed against the wind,
And the people marched on,
And the ambush was waiting.
And the people advanced against it, gallant and handsome and just, Christ-like.
And the people stretched their palms to shut the mouths of the guns,
Which on appearing suddenly glittered against their breasts.
And the sea was shaken,
And the sea groaned,
And the level of the waters rose,
And the wounded dipped the flags in their blood and leaping on their broken knees lifted them high.
Others fell, their faces against the asphalt,
And others dragged them to the side of the road singing freedom and justice,
And others lay down one by one and wrapped themselves in the blood-stained flags and clenched their fists on their chests and died.
Thus the sun set on the Third of December.
Thus it happened then in Greece.
And they began loading the militia on lorries.
And we had not yet undone the bandages of the German wounds,
And the militiamen had not yet washed their hands clean,
And our blood had not dried yet.
And the lorries started and raced under the clouds, their rifles pointing ready,
And the soldiers donning their helmets began to descend in phalanx to the center of the city.
And our soldiers were handsome like the Achaeans.
And our women stood on the balconies and at the windows under the clouds:
Whither do you go without horses, my boys?
And in all the town was heard "Freedom or Death."
And our soldiers were handsome like the Achaeans,
And we asked them of their horses and they smiled.
And they had within them horses and armies,
They had within them horses from heaven that stood up on their hind legs
And propped themselves upright,
And they balanced on their hind legs and seemed to hang in mid air hardly treading the earth.
And they had full red horses within them that sparkled and leapt and neighed.
And the riders sitting on golden saddles,
And they wore shining coats, golden and light, of the sun.
For it was the sun of freedom that had swept them in its current.

Nicolai Pirnat.

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Pirnat.

And they set forth together, singing together and together marching
To where human duty encounters sun and death.
And that hour was among the greatest that great times had brought
Under the shadows of the Acropolis.
And already flags by the thousands were waving on the barricades—
Freedom or Death.
Thus it happened in Greece then.
And bullets criss-crossed that night, lighting up the glass panes of the City,
And along the streets of the City death and devastation walked hand in hand.
And on the walls the last proclamation of the Military Governor was cooling.
And girls were carrying bullets,
Old women were singing,
And the soldiers were fighting without food, without sleep.
And we heard the SS, that had murdered our brothers and our fathers,
And we heard the militia roaring from the mouths of English guns.
And the student battalion "Lord Byron" fought in the center of the city,
And in the night invisible forces passing above suspended queer rays
Through the clouds and lighted up their helmets.
And they fought smiling,
And from day to day the volleys thickened,
And from day to day the smoke and the clouds and the flames and the dust
Thickened from the shells that fell as houses were blown up.
And our children were frightened.
And our children would see in their sleep our soldiers that asked them for bread and they would awaken and cry.
And roaring guns hunted out our soldiers that fought without food or sleep.
The barricades grew higher,
And women tore up their skirts to bandage the wounded.
And even dying our soldiers still stood upright on the barricades.
And down on the sea we watched monstrous ships coming and going,
Similar to death.
And the women would stand at windows, and seeing night and day becoming one they would wipe their eyes.
"In the harbor, boys, they bring guns and tanks."
And our soldiers turned their heads and smiled under their helmets, and taking aim would reply:
"Victory is our duty."
And it blew and rained and thundered.
And the women would bend their heads against the window panes and weep.
Thus it happened then in Greece.
And our flags retreated in order, in the dark.
And as they retreated we saw them shining, rank on rank in the dark.
And thirty-three days were fulfilled.
And the jailers of the people rejoiced over their victory.
And they beat the air and the people with their whips, and the militia lashed the dead.
And we had taken our picks that night and we had dug the earth of this Attica and we buried our dead with many tears.
And the militia digged them out.
And we buried them once more,
And they dug them out once more.
And they would throw them face down in lorries, and from one end of the city they would empty them at the other end.
Then our women would arise at midnight, and they were sniped at in the dark,
And walked stealthily along the corners of houses and along the roots of trees.
And on reaching that spot would return embracing the corpses of their children,
And would wall up windows and open pits and bury them in their basements,
And there they would come down at night to burn tapers and throw flowers.
And they would gather by fives and tens and they would kneel around and sing the songs of our lads, weeping:
"You fought five years."
And they would stand up and turn their faces upward seeking God and beating their breasts:
"For five years you fought."
And they would fall face downward over the ditch,
And their hair trailed down to Hades.
And the flags of our soldiers retreated in order over the snow.
Thus it happened then in Greece.
And liberty was knocking at the doors,
And they chased her away from her own door.
And that night Byron sat high upon the Acropolis over the Saronic Gulf looking toward England and grieved.
And on that night were awakened Sophocles and Pindar and Solon and Plato,

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And donned the helmets of our dead,
And kept watch at midnight over the graves of our dead,
And crossing through the wailing of the city they climbed to where the militia with the black mercenaries could see nothing.
And at that hour the sun was rising.
And there were gathered units of French patriots killed before the Bastille,
And of Russians killed by snow-covered Petrograd,
And of soldiers fallen by the university city of Madrid, and of women that had leapt from the summit down the precipice of Zalongo,
And together they formed a circle high up on the Acropolis and presented arms,
And they presented arms looking toward the sun and watching inside its flame the students' battalion "Lord Byron" parading past, rifle on shoulder,
And they started all together unfurling the flags.
And mingling the flags, they gathered with them the battalion of students, "Lord Byron," whose men were killed in the center of the City.
And at that hour the sun was setting.
And the wailing of the city gathered force.

ELAS

The hunted have resorted to arms,
And the betrayed and those that take decision,
The trained and the untrained,
The humble and the mourning dressed in black,
And the joyful women that stand
Like figureheads at the ship's bow,
The masters and the pupils—
The schools had been closed—
The comrades from factories and harbors,
From the fields and from the pasture lands.
They held a gathering in the woods,
They voted chiefs and an assembly,
They ruled by the new Laws,
They distributed seed and harvest,
They guarded the crops.
They hold the enemy out,
They fight in the passes and gorges,
They sentence the traitors and the traders.
Two Christian bishops bless them.
The narrow hearted tremble.
And how pleased were the mountains!

Now what is the news?
Who orders it?
Who is worthy to claim back those arms?

Pirnat.

THE LAST TERROR

The tall spring masts stand now serene,
Night timidly breathes
All the nostalgia of the grass-cricket.
Healed is the horror of that cry "Help!"
Terror is now softened by the laughter
Of a seventeen-year-old ex-warrior.
Two months ago he was helmeted,
The brother of Helen
With the crisp, boyish voice,
Who remained unruffled at the midnight raid—
Since December Greece has old people no more.
Four boys, and each sending a message:
I shall not abandon you, O six million people,
I shall live your life within fire,
I shall become a noble shield over your limbs,
My hands will melt the last terror.
In this stripped country I was born,
And belong to you.

THE WOMEN TO THE MOUNTAINS

The women appeal to the mountains,
"O mountains soften your winter this year
That your ice should not consume
The bodies of those gallant ones
That now fight a faithless Ally
Without bread, without fire,
From Taygetus to Helicon."

THE CARNIVAL OF 1944

You beheaded Victory,
You mutilated the Good Days
For which we battled and we trained
You entered like a Carnival procession
Crowned with the carnations of our September
Drank the old and new wine
Stole the tears of old folk.

But we shall not wait long
Long years till the revelation,
When the clamor of the people
Reaches your tall windows.
You came to terms with traitors,

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Struck at the people;
And from your procession
Good fame has fled.
Wasted ships, swift Spitfires wasted. . . .
They shattered ancient pillars and young hearts,
And where they pass they now pass without glory.

But how long this Carnival?
At the harbors steamers unload
The supplies of the procession,
Hated by the people.
Thus once more they do themselves well,
Once more the English speaking pansies revel.
But how long will the Carnival last?

How high can the mechanized climb?
On treeless hills, as the night falls,
There sparkle and glitter, glitter and vanish,
Elusive, sleepless,
Insects or hungry eyes?
So they are not annihilated?
What bitter dew props their black bellies?
Though their holes are burnt
They even buzz: "One more winter, brothers,
One more winter."
They even sneer: "But you, O English,
What do you fight for?
Your dead are falling, are falling
At a Carnival procession."

NO ONE TO WEEP

By Howard Fast

I DIED today, and there is no one to remember, to bear my pall, to weep over me, to press down the earth on my grave.

I speak for myself and for my comrades, because who else will speak? It is a bitter thing to be anonymous, to have said of you only this:

"The 1,500 ton Greek ship, Himara, went down after striking a mine off the barren island of Kavaliano. Forty Greek guerillas, who were chained in the hold, perished."

I was one of the forty who perished, a cold death, a hopeless, angry death for a man with warm blood and the love of life, a man who could remember in that moment the women he had loved, the children he had fathered, the fresh white bread he had eaten and the strong wine he had tasted.

I have no name; I have no face; I will have no name until that time in the long future when they make a name for me and for my comrades; but in order that they may have some of the facts, know what we were and why we did what we did, I will put down here my own story, directly, and in as few words as possible.

It is such a common, simple story that it will serve for my comrades as well; but is it not true that the simplest motives are those most easily forgotten?

I was born thirty years ago in the hills of Macedon, where the sky is bluer than anywhere else in the world, where the wind blows warmer. I had four brothers and three sisters, for big families were the way in that land. My father was a carpenter, and when I was old enough to handle a plane and a hammer, I learned his trade.

What else is there to say? I roamed in the hills. When I had a free day, I lay in the grass and talked to the shepherds, and heard the old tales of the various and many times when our people fought for their freedom; for ours is an old land and our fight an old fight.

I fell in love with many girls, because the blood ran strong in my veins, but the one I married was like a poppy from our hillsides, her eyes as dark as the seeds and her lips as red as the petals.

We had two children, a boy and a girl, before Mussolini ordered his fascists into our country and I went to fight them.

There were tears but no doubts when I went to fight the fascists; this was not a new thing for a Greek to do. For months we fought them, and with all their power the fascists could not advance a foot into our land. So they called their allies, the death's-head barbarians of the North, and with their dive bombers they roared down into our beautiful land.

They were too much for us, and they had allies among our own people; when they had occupied all of our tiny country, they announced that they had conquered us.

BUT we were not conquered as long as brave men lived. I went home, and we formed a little band of men who pledged themselves to fight for freedom until the last fascist was dead or driven out of our land.

We said goodby to our wives and children, and we went into the hills and continued the fight. And since they could not defeat us, or frighten us, the fascists murdered our wives and children and laid waste our homes.

Yet we fought on. We had nothing left but freedom now, no more to lose. The tears had been shed and we were beyond tears. And finally, the day of our liberation came—or at least what we thought of as the day of our liberation. The Germans fell back beneath the might of the United Nations, and we shouldered our arms and marched down to the city of Athens.

And then we discovered that the fascists were not dead. In the streets of Athens, I saw women and children mowed down by British guns. I saw workers lined up and shot. I saw British bayonets pressing our fifth columnists back into power. So with my comrades I went back to the hills to continue the fight.

But it was not so easy now. Where the fascists and Nazis had failed, traitors from our own people succeeded. We were led into a trap. We were chained. We were put into a concentration camp guarded by British troops, and we were systematically starved and beaten. And then, still in our chains, we were marched on board the Himara to be sent into exile.

Remember me. I lie at the bottom of the sea, where my chains have borne me. I have no name, no face, no family—no one to call for me or shed a tear.

But if you remember for long enough, then some day they will give a name to me and my comrades and honor us, not with tears, but with the brave new world we dreamed of.

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SWOLLEN PROFITS AND LABOR PAINS

The fat boys take the stand in Congress to testify that workers are monopolists.

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

IT HAD to come out sooner or later. The intimate connection between the nasty little minds of the House Un-American Committee and the braintrusters behind big business' drive against labor is now uncovered. The use of the Eisler case as a prelude to the stepped-up anti-labor offensive in Congress, the beating of the Red-baiting drums and the whipping up of fear and hysteria as an overture for the lynching of labor's rights is clear enough by now.

The choice of the Un-American Committee in its first "investigation" since the Republicans gained a majority in Congress provides the tipoff. Instead of picking the Ku Klux Klan, Columbians, Inc., American Action, Inc., the Constitutional Educational League or any other fascist organization, it chooses to concern itself with the internal affairs of the third largest CIO union, the United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers. With this attack on the UE, the shabby machinery of employing the Red-scare in the hope of weakening resistance to the crackdown on labor and civil liberties is laid bare.

The timing of the Thomas-Rankin committee's labor-baiting is interesting. After three weeks of testimony the Senate Labor Committee was getting around to its first labor witnesses. The UE was commencing its nationwide bargaining negotiations with GE and Westinghouse. And the Un-American Committee had managed to jack the Eisler case back on page one of the press by getting the House to cite for contempt the refugee from Hitler Germany whose chief desire is to return to his home.

Scheduled to be heard by the Un-American Committee this week were Joseph Julianelle and Michael Berescik, of UE's Local 203, whose charter was revoked by the UE's general executive board and for which an administrator was appointed, to safeguard the jobs and other rights of the members of the local under its contract with GE. The action was taken after a group in control of the local, led by Julianelle and Berescik, "expelled" twenty-seven members on the basis that they were Communists or supporters of Communist doctrine. The "expulsion" was done without filing charges and in violation of the union's constitution declaring it an industrial

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union uniting all workers "regardless of craft, age, sex, nationality, race, creed or political beliefs."

These witnesses presumably could be depended on to attack the union's leadership and aid the hard-pushed Westinghouse and GE companies, which have been so long-suffering under the union's "monopoly practices" and "totalitarian nation-wide bargaining methods" — to borrow a few phrases from industry witnesses and Republican sponsors of the anti-labor bills. Thereby the Un-American Committee was contributing yeoman service to Rep. Fred A. Hartley's House Labor and Education Committee under its own steam.

The new GOP-Rankin committee concentrated its direct fire on labor after a servile House voted 370 to one on the contempt citation against Gerhart Eisler, who had insisted on reading a statement before taking the oath and being questioned by the committee. Rep. Vito Marcantonio (ALP, NY), only Congressman with the courage to vote "no" on the contempt citation (several others including Rep. Adam Clayton Powell spoke against the committee), described in the House debate the relationship of the Eisler hoax to the anti-labor drive and the current onslaught on the people's civil rights.

After discussing the legal points involved, which had Chairman J. Parnell Thomas (R., NJ) babbling that it was the Attorney General who had Eisler arrested, that he, Thomas, had only asked that he be placed under surveillance, Rep. Marcantonio said there was "something much more important involved here than the strictly legalistic phase."

"I have taken the floor simply because I refuse to unlearn the lessons that history has taught us," he said. "This is the beginning of a Red scare. It is aimed at Eisler, the Communist, but it is aimed at all advocates of democracy. Yes, this is the beginning of a Red scare. History has taught us that behind a Red scare, behind Red-scare hysteria, there marches, slowly but surely, and often speedily, domestic fascism to destroy the democratic rights, not only of an Eisler, but the democratic rights of all people.

"The Red scare is the prelude which is now being set forth for an offensive against the rights of American labor: today against the rights of the Communist, tomorrow against the rights of the progressives and liberals. The Red scare is the smoke-screen behind which reaction advances to trample ruthlessly over the liberties of the American people in this instance, over the liberties of the Italian people when it was used effectively in Italy; over the liberties of the German people when it was used effectively in Germany. The only issue involved here is whether we shall unlearn the lessons of recent history."

FROM the testimony of the big-time industrialists and corporation lawyers on the anti-labor bills it is more than clear that the Eisler frameup, the attack on portal-to-portal pay — the whole anti-labor drive—are part of a large-scale steal. It is a steal which aims to take away the democratic rights of the people—starting with labor and minority groups.

One big-business witness sounds much like another. In this period when, as Phil Murray pointed out, 250 large corporations control two-thirds of the usable manufacturing facilities of the country, and more than 100 of the largest are controlled by eight banking groups, the profit-swollen characters chant their refrain about the monopoly of union labor.

Listen to this martyr, who called himself "a small American businessman" representing "the workingman." He is, if you please, Cecil B. De Mille, motion picture producer. He alluded several times to his plight: he cannot take part in radio broadcasts because he did not pay an assessment to the American Federation of Radio Artists, to which he said he belongs.

"I come to you as the representative of a group that is enslaved just as much as that group of people was enslaved before 1865," he said, after saying he wanted to "free" workers by abolishing the closed shop. At another point he said, "I get the same fear in this country from union members as I got in Russia." This prompted Sen. Allen J. Ellender (D., La.) to remark: "I feel sorry for people like you who cringe before a union boss."

Then there is C. E. Wilson of General Motors, who is so worried over labor's being a monopoly with industry-wide contracts—the same Wilson who said, in effect, to Walter Reuther, "Why pick on us? Why don't you strike the rest of the industry?" Hear Mr. Wilson read a letter from a reader which appeared in the Detroit *Free-Press* showing, of course, that workers don't want welfare funds: "'I don't expect absolute security. It is un-American and it stifles initiative. I would rather go along with industry for high stakes in a free and growing economy.' That is signed, 'A Ford Worker.' I happen to agree with that Ford worker."

Arguments for the various repressive measures are couched in the discarded cliches of an era we had hoped to forget in America, recalling the Danbury Hatters case. The sacred right of a woman to sweat her life out in a laundry without union protection evokes the tender concern of Sen. Joe Ball—the Senator who sees no difference between the yellow-dog contract, which perpetuated a worker's subjugation, and the closed shop.

B. E. Hutchinson, of Chrysler, testifying modestly that as of last September "our net worth was a little over $250,000,000, an amount that is still small, compared to the capital of our two big competitors," told the Senate Labor Committee sonorously: "We expect to continue to deal with unions. We believe, however, that the monopoly power which unions have now acquired under the Wagner Act undermines both real collective bargaining and wholesome relations with our employes."

AN EXAMPLE of this hypocrisy and dishonesty is S-55, the Taft-Ball-Smith bill, which is the one most apt to pass. In the first place all the pious protestations that collective bargaining must be preserved are a cover-up for a bill which, by setting up competitive machinery, would deal collective bargaining a death blow. It is an invitation to employers to harass unions.

Take the provision barring health and welfare funds unless joint administration is agreed on. In the old Case bill which this bill revises, an exception was made in barring an employer's paying over any money to employes, to allow for the checkoff. This is omitted in S-55, so that, although concealed, it makes it a crime to establish a checkoff. The provision as a whole upsets established customs in trade union-employer relations. In the clothing industry, for instance, the employers themselves did not want to administer the welfare fund.

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It is not only foremen who would be denied their legal right to organize under the bill, moreover. Its definition of supervisory employes is so broad as to cover lead men, gang bosses, many white-collar workers, and others who have no right to hire and fire. This would leave no bargaining alternative for them but to strike—although the bill is offered in the name of industrial peace.

The Taft-Ball-Smith bill, the so-called "moderate" bill, incorporates the concept inherent in the poll tax, that you have to pay a fine to exercise a right. The "fine" here is in having to wait sixty days to exercise the right to strike. Sens. Joseph Ball and Robert A. Taft swear to high heaven that the right to strike is sacred, but they would make it so difficult to exercise that right that it becomes meaningless.

Under this bill the employer is bound only to restore conditions which existed prior to the dispute, and since "conditions" pertain only to wages and hours there would be nothing to prevent his firing key union people without being required to reinstate them.

The so-called "cooling-off" period is simply a device to freeze out the unions. Labor, instead, advocates a reopening clause in contracts which would initiate negotiations thirty, sixty or ninety days prior to the expiration date.

Industry never has time to negotiate before the termination date, though, and always rejects labor's requests.

Most crippling of all the provisions in this "moderate" Taft-Smith-Ball bill is that which would permit the unions to be sued in federal courts. Under the Norris-LaGuardia Act a union cannot be sued unless the particular action involved was ratified or authorized by the union. S-55 would repeal this provision, and would enable a company to plant spies or agents provocateur to cause stoppages and then to sue the union. Inasmuch as in some Southern states all the employer has to do is to file a complaint and pick a jury to get a verdict against a union, it would encourage strife.

The Republicans, who were such ardent advocates of states' rights when the soldier vote bill was being emasculated, now are the big advocates of federal restraints over labor. One phase of the bill requires registration of labor organizers with the Department of Labor. Of course if a demand was made that all companies incorporate in Washington, instead of in Delaware or wherever they prefer, none would howl more loudly about the federal octopus and bureaucracy than the men now demanding registration for unions and other restraints on union "monopoly."

As Philip Murray told the Senate committee, after reciting the facts of the growth of monopoly and profits in the war, "How ironic—and unprincipled, and potentially devastating in their effect on the welfare of the people—are the outcries of those who call this Congress to action against the 'monopoly' of labor, at a time when small groups of men in a financial oligarchy, freed from even the relatively slight controls of legal limitations on prices, are engaged in a gigantic gouge of the American people . . ."

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portside patter

by BILL RICHARDS

News Item: N. W. Ayer & Son advertisement says that "profits" are the most misunderstood figures in business.

The word "profits" was made up by agitators. Actually there is no such thing. Any student of the *NAM News* knows that corporations either just break even or stay in business merely to provide employment for its workers.

Simple statistics prove that it is virtually impossible to make anything resembling a profit these days. Out of every dollar taken in at least thirty percent goes for labor and materials, ten percent for taxes, and the remaining sixty percent for miscellaneous items. A substantial amount of every dollar is used to buy red ink for the bookkeeping department.

If unions were outlawed and all taxes eliminated then perhaps the term "profits" would come to mean something. Union leaders are fond of pointing out government statements on corporate earnings. Occasionally some isolated corporation may have a little something left over but by the time the widows and orphans collect their stock dividends even this pitiful residue is gone.

The radical press likes to picture corporation owners as having huge estates, yachts, town houses, stables of race horses, private airplanes, fabulous bank accounts, and three or four automobiles. Actually corporation presidents rarely have more than two cars.

People seem to think that all a Board of Directors has to do is count up mountainous piles of money. That's not true—comptometers are employed for that purpose. The big business man has enough work just clipping coupons and the public.

●

The American Legion has decided to hold its '47 convention in New York. The older vets will come with seltzer bottles in addition to the younger squirts.

●

President Truman flew to Missouri to see his mother, rushed back to Washington for his daughter's birthday, hurried his packing for his visit to Mexico which will be followed immediately by a vacation in Florida and the Caribbean. How long can a man stand such a grueling pace?

●

Chiang Kai-shek complains of a lack of American help for his civil war campaign. A case of biting the hand that arms him.

●

The British royal family was given a warm welcome in South Africa. The temperature was over 100 degrees in the shade.

●

Churchill is blaming the Labor Government for Britain's coal shortage. There's no fuel like an old fuel.

●

The first US broadcast to Russia included a description of a drug used in the treatment of asthma and an explanation of why cowboys sing cowboy songs. The practical Russians will now probably develop a drug to be used in the treatment of singing cowboys.

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THE EISLER I KNOW

The "mysterious" figure who loves to play chess and argue about the world. Truth versus Luce talk.

By JOSEPH STAROBIN

A SHORT, stocky man, with a puckish smile — balding, as the *Time-Life* crowd likes to say —celebrated his fiftieth birthday last week in the Federal House of Detention in New York. He was dressed in grey denim cloth, and he shares his cell with two other prisoners, and he has been playing a good deal of chess. He is, as his friends will tell you, a ruthless chess player.

And there are chores: sweeping the cell, for example. When the warden suggested that this prisoner might prefer to avoid such activity, he replied sharply that he expected "to be treated like anyone else, no more, no less."

It is a long day, from five in the morning to ten at night when the lights go down, though this prisoner is accustomed to early rising. His wife cannot see him more than once a week, two hours at a visit. They speak by telephone, and can barely see each other through the window-pane which separates them.

This man — whom Hitler could never get into a jail — has been imprisoned by our country, whose soldiers joyfully opened the jails where Hitler kept anti-fascists. This man is Gerhart Eisler.

Our children are taught in the Sunday schools that the individual is sacred, that a man's home is his castle, that his private life is holy. This does not deter the editors of *Life*, a powerful pillar of the society in which our children are coming of age, from organizing a veritable hunt of the bloodhounds into the private affairs of a guest on our shores, an anti-fascist refugee who came here quite by accident, who had been trying to leave for six years, and who has been seized in a frameup of monstrous proportions.

Henry Luce's editors established a separate chamber in their offices for the Eisler case. A battery of researchers was put to work. *Life* correspondents in a dozen cities were apprised by wire. The files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation were made available (though *Life's* editorials inveigh regularly against the benighted press of other lands under governmental pressures). Expense accounts were opened for the Eisler case. No cheapskate, Henry Luce. . . .

Thus a miserable woman in far-off Stockholm, who happens to have been Eisler's former wife, replies that for a reasonable sum of money she will tell what she knows. A sister, whose entire life has been devoted to defaming her brother, becomes a vampire for the benefit of Mr. Luce, the paragon of all the vaunted virtues of the society in which our children are being reared. The slums of a world that is doomed and dying are ransacked by the ghouls of this journalistic cartel. A man is being hunted. Where men are being hunted, where the Roman soldier tells of the crucifix and the spear and the blood, there Henry Luce will also be.

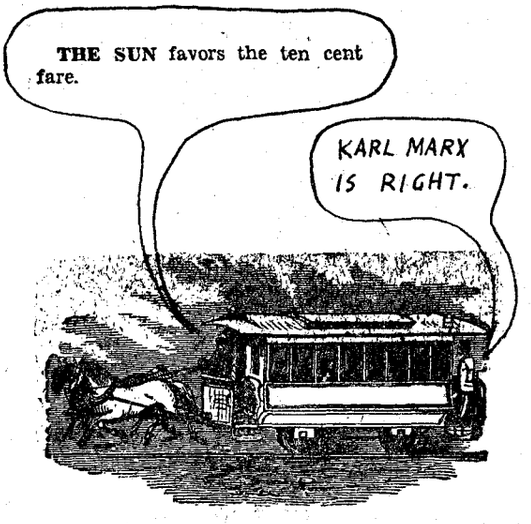
I DO not know every detail of Gerhart Eisler's life, for I was not privileged to know him before he came to these shores, an anti-fascist writer, in June, 1941. There are no mysteries about his past, so far as I know. And I guess I've known him as well as any of his many, many friends.

His father was an Austrian scholar, who married a Lutheran girl in Leip-

On Safari With Harari

Innocents in Hollywood

There is a state of mind about southern California, not necessarily an evil one, but a pervasive one. An idea born in this balmy, mild, damp climate comes out in pastel shades. Honeysuckle gets into a writer's prose, sticks to the adverbs, smells up the plots.



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zig, Germany. The second child—a son—grew up in the unmysterious insecurity of the middle-class life of Vienna before the First World War. The boy grew up to become an officer in the Austrian army, and the war opened the eyes that had for years been searching the meaning and the truth of the debacle around him. The officer was so well liked by the Croatian soldiers of his company that when their national feelings erupted with the defeat, they cleaned out their Austrian and German officers—except for Gerhart Eisler.

And when these soldiers went marching toward Trieste — *their* Trieste—he could have marched with them. Instead he returned to Vienna, as did thousands of his countrymen, sick and angry with the war. And he fought for socialism, fought and lost. No mysteries, these—only tragedies in which our whole age has shared.

He went to Germany and rose to leadership in the party of the German Communists. How easy it is for the editors of *Life* with their well-heeled Trotskyist hirelings to create the aura of turmoil, petty conflict, conspiracy, revenge about the German Communists for American philistines to whom the Twenties in Europe are so meaningless. There was no conspiracy. There was struggle; there was open and legal battle. There were victories and historic defeats, and you can read about them in the pages of *The Lesson of Germany*, written in our own country a year and a half ago by Gerhart Eisler and two other anti-Nazi refugees.

Where were the editors of *Life* when the Spanish Republic was bleeding? Eisler was in Spain, working with the men of the Thaelmann Brigade, immortalized by Paul Robeson's voice: . . . "*Freiheit, freiheit. . . .*" Where were the editors of *Life* when the gates of Paris were opened to the Nazi ghouls by an American ambassador? Eisler was in a concentration camp at Le Vernet. While others are today licking the goose-fat that is tossed to all betrayers of the great tradition of that camp's anti-fascist prisoners, Eisler is defended by letters from Paris, letters from the men who triumphed over the traitors.

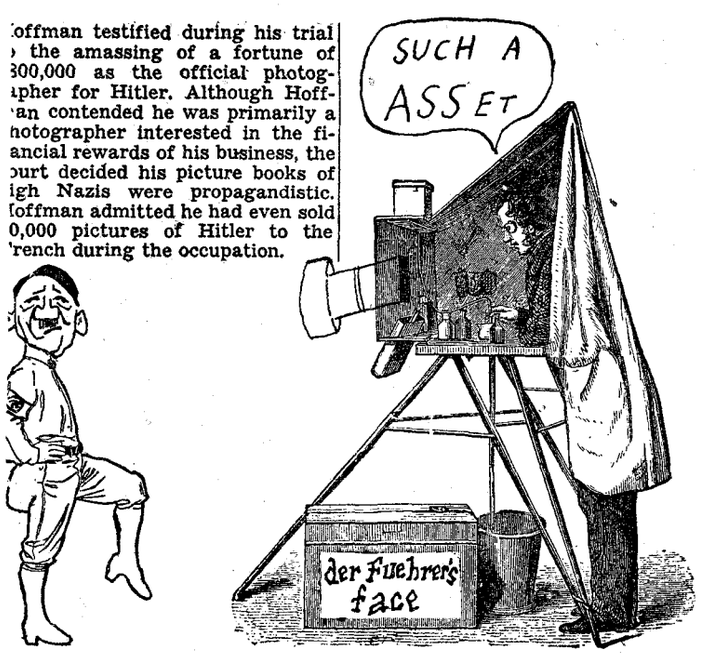
What is all this junk about perjury and false passports? Have we forgotten so soon what it means to be fighting for life, fighting to continue the fight? Should a man like Eisler have accepted the conditions of an American consul in Marseilles as the German fascists were moving in, and sworn that he *was* a Communist, and so be deprived of a transit visa through the United States just because American officials are barbarian enough to throw anti fascists who are Communists to the enemy? What would Henry Luce have done?

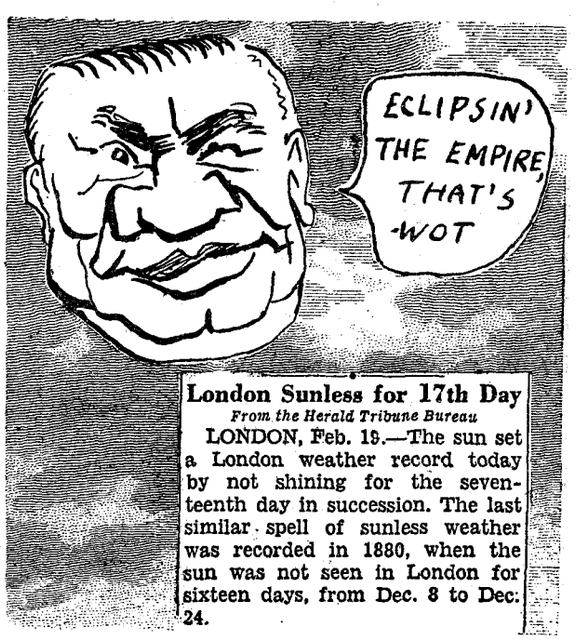
When thousands of American officers parachuted into France, Italy, Austria and Holland under false papers to conduct their part of the battle with Hitler, we honor them, we write books about them, we make movies of their exploits. When I. F. Stone of *PM* wanted to tell the story of the Palestine resistance last summer, he traveled on false papers, and it was an honorable deed. But when, as it is alleged, an anti-fascist pursues his chosen task of saving the honor of his nation wherever that task leads him, there are Americans who behave as though some dark crime were committed. Indeed, it is criminal to fight fascism in the eyes of the Thomas-Rankin committee.

One real crime is clear: Eisler is today illegally arrested—never having been considered an "enemy alien" before and only now so considered for the purposes of the frameup. And to our national disgrace—he is in an American jail.

EISLER, says the filthy caricature in *Life*, is a "professional revolutionary . . . almost a separate species of mankind . . . and that experience has conditioned him to wholly out-of-the-ordinary ways of thinking and feeling and acting." A revolutionary, indeed—fighting against a system that has twice plunged his continent into horrible slaughter, a professional like Tom

offman testified during his trial
the amassing of a fortune of
300,000 as the official photog-
apher for Hitler. Although Hoff-
an contended he was primarily a
notographer interested in the fi-
ancial rewards of his business, the
ourt decided his picture books of
igh Nazis were propagandistic.
offman admitted he had even sold
0,000 pictures of Hitler to the
rench during the occupation.





London Sunless for 17th Day

From the Herald Tribune Bureau

LONDON, Feb. 18.—The sun set a London weather record today by not shining for the seventeenth day in succession. The last similar spell of sunless weather was recorded in 1880, when the sun was not seen in London for sixteen days, from Dec. 8 to Dec. 24.

Harari

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Paine, like Sam Adams, a professional like William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, John Brown.

"Wholly out of the ordinary" I suppose, for the editors of *Life*, is a man like Eisler, who rarely failed to bring a box of chocolates to dinner when he came so many times to visit us. "Out of the ordinary," of course, to find him on the fourth floor of a modest home in Woodside, Queens, listening to the Brandenburg Concerto, surrounded by barricades of books—the magazines of the week tossed on the bookshelves.

How unusual, I suppose, that Gerhart is an excellent swimmer, a man whom you must not try to keep pace with on a Sunday-morning walk around a lake, when the sun is broiling. A man who will tease you to death, if you pause to catch your breath, a man that will pursue a game of chess relentlessly, lapsing into a triumphant German *Schachmatt* even as the coffee is cooling on the table.

Eisler has his faults and his way of fun with people. He will quite imperiously insist on coffee when the hostess has served tea. He has the amiable failing, on occasion, of letting the conversation lapse into small talk and suddenly bringing it around to the arena of politics in which he will tilt a verbal lance with any comer. And during that fantastic three weeks last autumn when three auto-loads of Duquesne University full-backs who work for J. Edgar Hoover were trailing him twenty-four hours a day, Eisler could have his fun, too. One afternoon, he had those full-backs sit through three performances of a film about "Russians on Parade" at the Stanley Theater.

"Why three?" I asked him. "It will take at least that many times for anything to sink in!" he replied.

Eisler does not care for Emerson (on which I strongly disagreed) but he thought it was a good idea to reread the Van Wyck Brooks volumes as he prepared to visit Boston a few weeks ago, a visit denied him by the trumped-up arrest. (Does J. Edgar Hoover know anything about Emerson, I wonder?)

Eisler, the mysterious professional revolutionary who simply has such wholly out of the ordinary ways of thinking, feeling and acting, played gin-rummy with my wife the Sunday night before his arrest. He won hands down. And it remained for me to cancel my wife's debts with a carton of cigarettes.

Such is a sketch of a many-sided man, who happened to be on these shores, and of whom our country has nothing to be ashamed or afraid.

Why didn't the FBI, which now claims to have known such horrid things about him so long ago, arrest him in 1941 when our nation was in mortal peril? If the State Department admits in its release of February 11 that Eisler was anxious to leave our country in 1942, then how long can this nonsensical fiction about "boss of the American Reds" be maintained? For what kind of "boss" is this who, altogether accidentally, is detained here in June of 1941, and is petitioning one year later to be allowed to continue to Mexico? Why is it—neither the FBI nor the State Department have ever adequately answered—that both these agencies cleared Eisler in every respect eight months ago, and okayed his departure homeward? Yet now—for the purposes of a venal and miserable scare—he is suddenly the dangerous enemy alien, the Comintern agent, the boss, and all the rest of the bunk we have heard.

MY SON, who is seven and a half and has known Gerhart well, cannot comprehend all this noise on the radio, all these headlines in the press. But he has a simple explanation. There are good men, and there are bad men. Gerhart is a good man. Somewhere, there are bad men at the bottom of it all. Listen to the wisdom of the little children. It is time to end this farce about Gerhart Eisler lest it end in tragedy for us and our children.

Have you forgotten this?

This week marks the fourteenth anniversary of the Reichstag Fire. On Feb. 27, 1933, the flames of that notorious Nazi provocation lighted the skies of Berlin. From its embers came the sparks which set the whole world on fire, the holocaust which consumed the lives of millions of people in the terror and in the war of the next twelve years.

And now, in 1947, the words "Reichstag Fire" are used to describe a new reactionary frameup, the Eisler case. It is fitting that we re-study—in dead earnest and now—the words that Gerhart Eisler himself wrote on the meaning of Germany, 1933.

During his enforced stay in the United States, Eisler, together with two other anti-Nazi refugees, wrote a book, "The Lesson of Germany." Contained therein was an evaluation of 400 years of German history and an explanation to the American people of how fascism came to power in the authors' homeland. Printed below are excerpts from that book—lessons for today.*—THE EDITORS.

THE Nazi leaders knew that they had to win the election [of March 5, 1933]. Not to gain a majority or, worse still, to lose votes, would weaken their position in the coalition and set new obstacles in their path of a purely Nazi dictatorship. So they hit on the idea of attaining their ends by means of a gigantic provocation. What they could not achieve by demagogy and terror, they hoped to accomplish by means of a *blitzkrieg* against the German people.

Their plan was to drive the German people into headlong panic, rob them of all powers of rational judgment, and then come forward as the only saviors of society. The method they devised was based on flaunting the "Red men-

* THE LESSON OF GERMANY, *by Gerhart Eisler, Albert Norden and Albert Schreiner. International.* $2.50.

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ace," a method used since 1918 by every other party in the Weimar Republic. The Communist bogey had been used time and again with more or less success—but never without at least some success.

But the Nazis were no gentlemen like those British Tories who in 1924 used the forged "Zinoviev letter" to stage a noisy anti-Bolshevik campaign to win victory at the polls. Mere forgeries were not enough for them: was not their whole propaganda based on fraud? They required something far more grandiose and startling. On February 27, 1933, they set fire to the Reichstag building, discovered the blaze they had themselves started, extinguished it, accused the Communists of the fire, and then paraded before Germany as the saviors of the country.

This provocation also served as a signal for the mass pogroms they had planned. Tens of thousands of Social-Democrats, Communists, liberals, Jews, Catholics and Germans of every class were arrested, brutally tortured and foully murdered by Nazi gangs sworn in as auxiliary policemen. The Nazi barracks dripped with the blood of the tortured and slain. The terrorist gangs became pillars of law and order: torture became an official method of this new Reich; pogroms became feats of patriotism.

After the Reichstag Fire, Germany divided into two great camps. One consisted of the "know-nothings" who swallowed the provocation whole. Since 1918, they had been carefully and thoroughly schooled by the parties of the Weimar Republic to believe the worst about the Communists and the Soviet Union. They were joined by those who, despite their qualms, refused to believe that the National Socialists could commit such a wanton act. Had not Hindenburg, the President of Germany, made the Nazis the leading government party? The other camp knew well who the incendiaries were. But it in turn was divided between those who courageously denounced the Nazi provocation and those who kept silent out of fear of the Nazis or for "diplomatic reasons."

. . . . The Reichstag Fire, the panic it helped create, and the wave of organized Nazi terror paid handsome dividends. The National Socialists gained 6,000,000 votes. . . . Hitler was able to utilize the results of the "Reichstag Fire" election to transform the coalition dictatorship into a Nazi dictatorship. Now he began systematically to suppress and "coordinate" all other political parties and organizations. He demanded of the new Reichstag an enabling act which would grant him as Chancellor full powers for four years: thus he would be in a position to promulgate laws and conclude treaties without the consent of the Reichstag, the Reich Council and the President of the Reich.

. . . . Having triumphed, the Nazi dictatorship sought feverishly to strengthen its hold in every conceivable direction and to turn every German into a National Socialist. Any opposition to Nazism became a crime against the state; any organization that was not National Socialist was dissolved or "coordinated." The adventure of the Third Reich could now begin. Hitler promised the German people that this adventure would last a thousand years.

. . . . To capitulate before fascism is not only a disaster for those who capitulate; it is also a crime against their own nation and against the people of other nations. This lesson the Germans learned in a terrible school.

PARIS LETTER

by Claude Morgan

BENEATH a pale sky, one of those streaked and powdered skies like the paintings of the great Impressionists, the new president of the Fourth Republic was named at Versailles. There were no great crowds to watch M. Vincent Auriol's car on the road to Paris—that same road to Paris traversed by the carriages of presidents of other days and once taken by the coach of King Louis XVI as the people of his capital surrounded him and brought him back to the Louvre.

Nor did the president's journey attract too many spectators in Paris itself. It was not indifference. But here we are a little *blase* about parades and processions. Then too, the people said to themselves: we know M. Auriol; we'll be able to get a better close-up of him in the newsreels.

But one has only to talk to the man in the street to realize that Parisians are on the whole satisfied to see the "provisional" period finally come to an end. There are some, it is true, who are still disillusioned. The taxi-driver who drove me on the evening of the election said to me: "They're giving us a president. They'd do better to give us some steaks." Of course! But in order to get steaks, don't we have to begin by having a solidly democratic government?

AMONG the writers the year began with a controversy over the "black list."

Perhaps you do not know that the National Committee of Writers, our Resistance organization during the Nazi occupation, published right after liberation a list of the writers who had defaulted in their honor as Frenchmen. It was not our intention to turn into self-appointed judges. But we were a kind of club and felt we had the right to make the following rule: members of the National Committee of Writers would refuse to publish their writings in newspapers, magazines and collections in which works by authors on the "black list" appeared. In a word, we wanted to have nothing more to do with those individuals: we refused to sit at the same table with them.

Today several of our group—among them Georges Duhamel, Jean Paulhan and Gabriel Marcel—feel that the time has come to forgive, and they have resigned from the National Committee of Writers. Curiously enough, this happened just after we had removed the name of Pierre Benoit from the famous "black list." This was a matter of justice, for although Benoit did not show much courage, he could not be charged with any irreparable breach of honor.

Then a polemic began in the press. Jean Cassou and Vercors fought against Duhamel and Paulhan. It is rather difficult to discuss things with Paulhan (who is probably the strangest figure in our Republic of Letters), because Paulhan

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never replies directly to the question you ask him. That is the way he is built. An expert at ping-pong, he "slices" all his shots. What characterizes him is above all his prodigious intellectual curiosity. He is interested in everything and amused by everything. He may be defined as a person who perpetually plays. He becomes "involved" (and "disinvolved" as well) more in a spirit of play than of conviction. How can you discuss things with a man like that, who does not hesitate to compare the offenses of the pro-Nazi writers with the venal offenses of which some people accuse Verlaine and Rimbaud! Louis Martin-Chauffier, who is a brilliant and subtle polemicist, rightly called a spade a spade when he revealed that behind this controversy was the great desire

Claude Morgan, editor of "Les Lettres Francaises," the leading French cultural journal, is a distinguished novelist, critic and commentator. His monthly Paris letter will be a regular feature in NEW MASSES.

on the part of certain people to resume publication of Henri de Montherlant in some collections and magazines without thereby forfeiting the cooperation of the members of the National Committee of Writers. This is particularly true of Paulhan who is, as you know, the power behind the throne of the publishing-house of Gallimard.

And this brings us to the question of Montherlant. What is he accused of? What did he do? In 1940, Montherlant published a book, *Le Solstice de Juin* (The June Solstice), in which he jumped on the Nazi bandwagon. He advised the French: "Don't face the future with reluctance. Let's make ourselves over and say yes, with all our heart, to what has just happened . . ." Then he admitted: "In truth events have never mattered to me. I was only fond of them for the rays they stimulated in me as they passed me by. So let them be whatever they want to be, and let the world adapt itself to them as it can. It will always contain just about the same amount of good and evil and will find its happiness, for what that is worth, in calamity and shame."

Is that clear enough?

But, comments Paulhan, I fear that in Montherlant's case you are indulging in a kind of hindsight. All right, Montherlant wrote that. But he wrote it when nobody yet suspected the scope and power of the Nazis' attempt to debase man. Don't accuse him of an idea he couldn't have since we ourselves, at that time, were far from imagining the horror of the extermination camps.

Paulhan's reasoning is worthless. Montherlant had the four years of occupation and oppression to acknowledge his mistake. Neither the murder of hostages nor the martyrdom of the Jews led him to revise his initial idea. Why didn't he join us in the resistance movement? We would have received him with joy. But he who had sung of heroism remained stubbornly silent when the time for heroism came. His responsibility, therefore, is overwhelming.

Perhaps, dear friends in America, you will think we are very harsh toward the intellectuals. Certainly nothing has been done to the bankers and industrialists, so many of whom collaborated with the enemy. They have not even been deprived of the fortunes they made. That's very regrettable. But it is no less true that the intellectuals are even more responsible than the others *because it is their mission to think*. And the more talent they have the more responsible they are.

At least that is the conviction of the members of our National Committee of Writers and of the editorial board of *Lettres Francaises*. We maintain our conception of the writer's responsibility in opposition to that conception of the right to be mistaken which Paulhan defends. For that right to make mistakes becomes in certain cases the right to commit crimes, making the writer a man above the law and literature a trifling game.

ANOTHER controversy gripped Paris in January. This time it was a judicial matter, the Hardy trial. Hardy, a former member of the resistance movement, was accused by the state and by a good many of his comrades of having handed over Jean Moulin, president of the National Council of the Resistance Movement, to the Germans. Hardy was acquitted. His acquittal does not end matters and the least once can say is that the prosecution was sabotaged from beginning to end. This trial has had profound political repercussions. All the Rightist papers have exploited it to unleash a campaign of anti-Communist slanders worthy of the notorious pre-war sheets, *Gringoire* and *Je Suis Partout*. Some day we will have to find out why so many Leftist resisters were betrayed to the Gestapo—and why, by a disturbing coincidence, General de Gaulle's intelligence service, the famous *DGER*, was then in the hands of *Cagoulards* (Hooded Men). Henri de Kerillis has raised this question in a book published in the United States.

Reading me, you no doubt feel that Paris seems to be still at war. Yes, the same war still goes on—in other forms. We see the worst fascists—of course, posing today as the great friends of freedom and the sole defenders of the indivdual—exonerated, supported and puffed up again by the incorrigible champions of pity and humanitarianism.

This undiscerning humanitarianism is just the opposite of humanism.

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INQUISITION IN THE SENATE

An editorial by JOHN STUART

I MAKE no claim to this discovery but it seems clear that in modern politics you cannot pull a hair without dragging the whole head and body. Talk about Gerhart Eisler and you begin to talk not only about the flimsy structure of American civil liberties but of the techniques, the manners and mores of fascism. Lift the issue of rent-control and you lift with it a thousand demons. Crack the outer coating of the controversy over portal-to-portal pay, and you get down into the core of why the rich are rich and the poor become poorer. This has happened too with David Lilienthal and the Goliaths arrayed against him.

I cannot think of one recent incident—certainly not in the last ten years—where the question of a man's fitness for appointive office brought so much slime to the surface. The whole book has been tossed at him and were it not for the fact that the brutalities which accompanied medieval inquisition are seemingly outlaw, Lilienthal might now be lying on a row of spikes. But more. The thing for us to observe and which grinds in our stomachs is not the question concerning his competence as an administrator. No one dared ask—not even the sickening McKellar—whether Lilienthal knows the difference between a turbine and a cyclotron. What the McKellar mind has asked is whether a Jew can administer a public commission. Oh yes, it is asked with subtlety. Where do your parents come from, Mr. Lilienthal? And since you are marked with the star of David, Mr. Lilienthal, how can we be sure that the split atom will be kept safe in our strong boxes?

When such inquiries are made we soon see the rest of the spectacle. From a forged letter to a blast of Red-baiting; from there to insults against a war ally; and finally to what really troubles the inquisitors—the future of the atom bomb. It started with Lilienthal and closes with a prayer to the almighty. "I pray God," McKellar implored, "we will never have an international agreement to control atomic energy."

The whole of it is simple and clear. You begin as a Jew-baiter, you end as a war-monger. That mind occupies a place in the Senate of the United States. What is dreadful is that this mind is not the exception there. The exceptions, the few of them, are open to the same character assassination, the same fire which befell Lilienthal. The Republicans have brought with them a hot iron which brands a man infamous for being tolerant in the sense that Jefferson or Lincoln were. In this atmosphere partisanship loses meaning and the meanest traits in the pork-barrel politician, in the power trusts' senatorial agent, take command.

AS I WRITE Lilienthal's fate has not been decided. As against the accommodating clerks which his opponents from the very big money would appoint, Lilienthal has received large support. Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from asking why David has not met the giants with more than pebbles.

The central issue in the domestic control of atomic energy is to keep it from either the grasp of the military or of monopoly. If these two or one of them should manage to put atomic energy in their back pockets its development in the public interest is in greatest jeopardy. The record is too clear on what happens when scientific innovations or technological advances become the property of the propertied. It was around this issue that the May-Johnson bill was defeated in the last session of Congress.

But Lilienthal decided to appease his inquisitors. It was not the tactical compromise which safeguards principle. Asked by the chairman of the committee whether in the event of a controversy between the civilian commissioners and the military whose judgment would be decisive, Lilienthal replied: "It is the judgment of the military liason committee which controls. . . . It is to be their judgment which is final." And prodded by Sen. Millikin whether he was "temperamentally" fitted to restore government "grants of power" to "private enterprise," Lilienthal did not reply in unequivocal terms but said "there will be something in it for industry. We must see to it that there will be the kind of incentive-to-development that has developed the automobile and many other things."

Sad are these answers. The construction of TVA was an answer to the profit-lust of the private utilities and what they have done with electric power. But Lilienthal, in order to escape the "Red stigma," saw fit not to press that answer. He also spoke of the publication of the Smyth report as "the principal breach of security since the beginning of the atomic energy project." For that tidbit he won the praise of Sen. Vandenberg: "You talk a little longer about this thing, and I will quit worrying about you and security." I would begin to wonder about myself if Vandenberg quit worrying about me.

Mr. Lilienthal was paying a high price. It sets a poor example of how to fight. For this is not the kind of fighting which compels your enemy to retreat. It does not take absolutely perfect vision to see that those who determine merit on the basis of race or family origin are also those whose patriotism is written on a dollar bill.

Mr. Lilienthal should have asked himself if it was worth proving that he was not a Communist if being such means to members of the committee that civilian rule supersedes military, that atomic energy should not be made a force for world destruction, that not all the wisdom of mankind is written on stock-market ticker tape.

But in this drama we shall have to see clearly who is getting slapped and who is doing the slapping. It is not Lilienthal who raised his arm. It is he who has been the victim of a vicious proceeding. And the large number of groups who insisted on Senate confirmation of his appointment did so rightly regardless of what some of them may think of aspects of his testimony. This support for Lilienthal was a way of countering the bigotry to which not only he has been subjected but which is afflicting everyone with any loyalty to the Roosevelt tradition, not to speak of those farther to its left. More, it was a way of countering the makers of a new dynasty to be ruled by blackmail, spy mania, all the paraphernalia of intellectual terror. The barons sit uneasily on their crag and sitting there they think there is no problem which an expenditure of atom bombs cannot solve. They are the menace to the nation and its future and it is upon them—the atomic fascists—that the fire must be centered.

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THERE'S NO MONEY IN BANKS

What's a career in finance when you can't afford to buy a proper dress or eat a decent lunch? But there's something about a union . . .

By LOUISE CARROLL

Last month NM reported on the campaign of the United Office and Professional Workers to organize Wall Street's employes ("Stocks, Bonds and Union Cards," by Milton Blau, January 7). This week one of these workers continues the story.

"THERE are a lot of people here who'd join a union—but the minute you do your boss calls you a dirty Red and that's the end of you!"

"But if you all sign cards at once," I argued, "at the same time, you'll be stronger than a supervisor and stronger than management."

The file clerk shook her head. "No," she said. "I think it's a good idea. I believe in it. But I need my job. If they found out I'd joined the union it'd be tough."

"But this is the way to keep your job—."

She shook her head again, put her comb and lipstick away, preparing to leave the washroom. "I know what you're driving at, but—well, I'll wait and see what everybody else is going to do."

"Maybe we could have lunch together and talk about it. What time do you eat?"

She held the door open, looking past me, licking her lips. Finally: "Oh, I'll call you sometime and let you know," and she left.

We saw each other again in the washroom, of course, but for a long time she was careful to discourage conversation on that subject. She refused two invitations to dinner and even went to the trouble of having her lunch hour changed, to preclude the possibility of our talking together. I had been spotted, it seemed, as one of those Union People; she was afraid of me.

The bank likes to get its employes right out of high school—fresh and untouched by any radical notions of the right to a living wage, and unspoiled by too much contact with the economics of life. That way it's easier for the bank to impress and frighten the new worker with his own inexperience and to mold him into the rut of submission and subservience.

This particular institution is one of the largest and richest in the world. Yet it is common knowledge that these bank workers are the lowest paid, most kicked-around in the white-collar field. Salaries begin at $27 a week for stenos; experienced help may earn $35. (I learned this despite the frequent warnings of all department heads: "Don't discuss salaries with anyone; you might get into trouble!" I learned it simply because people gripe, and are steadily griping louder.) Most of the unmarried women—and for a variety of not-too-complicated economic reasons the great majority are unmarried—live "at home." It's generally obvious that living at home —with parents or married relatives— is not what they want. But taking an apartment alone, or even sharing one, is impossible for these women. Their salaries are such that even $7 a week room and board is barely possible.

So, because of the constant fear of being jobless, these women stick around, eat and dress on minimums, aren't able to live as they should, grow old with the institution. After, say, thirty years, if they're lucky enough still to have jobs, they're put back into the stenographic pool where they started. Bright young things look at the dowdiness of the older women and whisper to themselves, "I won't let myself get like that! I'll get out of here before that happens! I'll get married, or quit, or something!"

The bank does that to you. If you're young there's a great fear that here you may miss life. If you're old and have spent a generation in the building—well, you think, if you had it to do over again it would be different.

NEARLY all of the women and some of the men bring their lunches to work and eat in the "cafeteria." The back of this long room is reserved for men, the front of it for women. Men and women never, never eat at the same table in the cafeteria; it is absolutely unorthodox for a woman to have lunch with a male bank worker out of the building.

The cafeteria does not have sandwiches or hot food, just ice cream, milk and coffee—sold, supposedly, on a par basis. A half-pint of milk costs ten cents, however, the other nickel being the bank's profit. Lately, groups of four have begun to buy a quart of milk outside, swearing that they weren't going to give *their* money to the bank.

Women below the status of bookkeeper are not permitted to smoke during working hours. The only reason I've been given: "It doesn't look nice for the men to see the girls with cigarettes." I can understand how a woman might begin to believe her inferiority, under such conditions. Here it is constantly demanded that you be a woman at your best, for the sake of the men. Yet it is made impossible to maintain natural working relations between the sexes, and it's a battle of the wits to stretch $30 or so a week over the cost of decent white-collar dress.

It wasn't necessary to encourage these people to air their grievances; the complaints are in direct ratio to length of service. They all have plenty of gripes — about working hours, about salary, about the personnel department's mysterious policy of promotion (if you're a girl it depends on how sexy-looking you can be; if you're a guy your boot-licking abilities rate).

Almost everyone who hadn't been subjected to too much Red-baiting, anti-union propaganda said to me, "Yes, yes, you're right, the union's the thing." Okay, I'd say, here's the card. Sign it and come to a meeting. Well, now, I've got to think about it. Or: Well, I'll have to ask my mother. Or (most often): I'll wait and see what everybody else is going to do.

They were scared and insecure.

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Those who came to work for the bank before the last depression hadn't got over the wonder of not having been fired during that period; they're eternally grateful. But they felt that one step out of line now would cost their jobs. The younger people thought they hadn't made themselves sufficiently essential to the bank to dare flaunt their humanity in its face. "In a couple of months," they said.

I told them about the Wagner Act. They looked doubtful. "Present a solid front," I tried, "and what have you got to worry about? The bank can't fire all of you." They looked at each other, thinking about reports of promotions out of seniority, inexplicable pay-cuts, and the paper everyone signed which said something about you hereby understand that you must give the bank two weeks' notice before quitting—the bank, however, might fire you at any time. They remembered experiences of white-collar workers stepping all over each other, and they said, "We'll wait, we'll see what everybody else is going to do."

One of the older women who has been with the bank twenty-eight years expressed great surprise at my belief in organization. "You really think it's the thing to do?" she whispered. "But I was told that if you join a union you have to work all day Saturday!" I tried to explain about unions but she looked wildly at me and ran off. Later I saw her with my supervisor in long, hushed conversation punctuated by frequent glances in my direction. I smiled brightly at them.

Not too long ago the union's leaflets were read in great privacy, then hastily crumpled and destroyed. I kept the leaflets on my desk for all to see. People—particularly the men—stopped to wisecrack at first. I made it a point to answer all derogatory quips with great dignity, and better, with all the facts I knew. After a time —a long time, I'm afraid — people were stopping at my desk to ask questions rather than to jibe. And I was being closely watched by my supervisor (a charmer who keeps a stack of astrology and dream books in her desk).

The fact that I wasn't fired may have meant something to my co-workers. But then, neither did I become the darling of management. And then the UOPWA's organizers, the people who stayed late at night running off leaflets and got up early to distribute them, and the workers themselves began to make things happen in smaller banks. Manufacturers' Trust, Merchants', Swiss, among others, were getting union contracts, pay increases, better working hours, maintenance of membership or closed-shop clauses, mechanism for grievance committees.

"Look what's happened here," I said. "These people are doing the same work we are. But they're getting more money for it and working fewer hours at it. They have something to say now about the way in which they work. And they got these things for themselves. We can do it too."

A few signed up, but with a my-God-if-anybody-found-out attitude. Nevertheless, this was progress. Before advances could be made these people had to be brought together in the proper setting.

I heard about a party at union headquarters to be given by employes of a bank which had signed its contract for those of a bank which was negotiating. "Lots of fine young men," I told the girls. "Worthwhile people. Union parties are almost always successful. If you're not busy Saturday night come up to 30 East 29th Street."

Amen.

I assured them that a union party differed from a bank party in that the men did not group on one side of the room and stay there all evening talking about the weather. (That really happens at bank affairs. And until I worked at the bank I didn't believe the old saw about what people talk of most and do least about. A typical elevator conversation goes like this: "How are you this morning?" "Fine." "Cold enough for you?" "Sure is." "Seasonable for January, though." "Guess you're right." "Well, this is my floor." "Better get out your woolies tonight." Laughter. Exit Worker Two. Enter Worker Three, who says: "Cold enough for you?" What else is there to talk about? As yet these people, constantly played against each other by management, feel no such kinship that they care to make more than official inquiries of each other's work. And discussion of working conditions has been forbidden.)

The girls who came to the party had a wonderful time. There was square dancing, there were men who knew of things other than weather, there were refreshments, a juke box, colored lights, drinks. And for free.

The kids talked about the party on Monday morning, and reported that they even had dates with a few of the young men. Later on that day the file clerk stopped me in the washroom to ask "how the union was coming." No, she didn't think she was quite ready to sign up, but — well — there were a couple of girls in her department who had been with the bank five years who were maybe going to be fired because the file room was being "reorganized." Would the union be able to do something about that? Okay, she'd have lunch with me one day and bring the girls to meet an organizer, maybe. Oh, and would I let her know next time there was a party?

I've located about half a dozen union-conscious people who have not been with the bank all of their working lives. We've had meetings with an organizer which have been attended by a few who once expressed fear or antipathy.

Since the beginning of Operation Wall Street, real progress has been made. The first gains have been in smaller banks. The problem now is not only to better organize those places but to "dig into" my bank and the other giants like it. It will take the building of faith in other workers (which the bank has carefully discouraged) and the development of an association with working people in other fields who have made economic gains through organization. It will take proving to these office workers that the union is theirs, that they must build it strong.

It will take time, in a place like this. But, look! I've recently lost some of my unpopularity.

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review and comment

CHIANG—WITH & WITHOUT VARNISH

His "Mein Kampf" lays bare his betrayal of Sun Yat-sen's democratic principles.

By NORMAN EBERHARDT

CHINA'S DESTINY, *by Chiang Kai-shek; with notes and commentary by Philip Jaffe. Roy Publishers.* $3.50.

CHINA'S DESTINY, *by Chiang Kai-shek; authorized translation by Wang Chung-hui, with an introduction by Lin Yutang. Macmillan.* $2.75.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S *China's Destiny* is the bible of the feudal rulers who are now vainly trying, with Washington-Wall Street support, to hold up the progress of the Chinese people. It expresses the philosophy of the reactionary-in-chief whom General Marshall left out of his denunciation of the "dominant reactionaries" of the Kuomintang, the man into whose camp he tried to entice China's liberals. The book itself is as dull, as fraudulent historically and as reptilian in its demagogy as Hitler's. But it is required reading for all who would understand the present conflict in China. Fear of the truth is what has led the State Department, as well as the Kuomintang's own representatives here, to keep it so long from American democratic opinion. Its appearance in the United States is a political event of some magnitude.

The circumstances of the book's present publication are interesting. Just as China's real destiny is in dispute between the old and new forces in the world, so the arrogant tract that presumes to dictate it reaches us in two editions. One of these is sponsored by reaction, the other by friends of democracy. One seeks to focus much-needed light on its meaning, the other to obscure the light by falsification and confusion.

The accurately-translated Roy edition contains an additional important document on Chiang's mentality, his "Chinese Economic Theory." The commentary and annotations, by Philip Jaffe, are accurate both in historical scholarship and in interpretation.

The "authorized" (and bowdlerized) Macmillan edition is a horse of another color. Its introduction is by Lin Yutang, a once liberal intellectual who has long since prostituted himself to the ends of the enemies of his country and people. The translator is Dr. Wang Chung-hui, a prominent international jurist who likewise misuses his trained skill in words and meanings to impede rather than aid understanding. Credit for assistance in translation is given to Dr. Frank Price, one of those political missionaries who make Christian testimony a figleaf for Chinese fascism. The Macmillan imprint appears to be a routine part of the arrangement under which that firm has put out US editions of various official Kuomintang handbooks, but the publishers do not indicate this to the reader. The whole thing is enshrouded in seven phony veils, including a dishonest list of "changes from the first edition to the second" which omit the really significant alterations accurately listed in the Roy copy, yet even the Macmillan edition cannot divest itself of the all-pervading stench of fascism which it has tried so hard to perfume out of the original text.

The fascist characteristics of the book are carefully noted by Philip Jaffe. As he says, Chiang's "nationalist" anti-Westernism is not really nationalist at all. Its slaps at imperialism are incidental to the dictator's real major hatred — Western democratic thought. When he seeks viable tradition, Chiang rejects the founders of the Chinese anti-feudal, anti-imperialist revolution. He maligns the Taiping insurgents of the 1850's, from whom Sun Yat-sen drew much of his inspiration, and falsely equates Sun's own revolutionary doctrines with the feudal statism of Confucius. What does he hold up for imitation? The memory of the military-bureaucrat suppressors of the Taipings, whose fear for their landlord status led them to sell out to both the Manchus and the Western imperialists.

But Chiang goes beyond this, betraying even the Republican revolution of 1911. The feudal absolutism of the Manchu Empire itself, which gave imperialism its chance, is thoroughly whitewashed. A new "blood and soil" theory is invented, and China's minority nationalities are included (along with Annamites and Burmans, as second-class branches to be sure) in a "Chinese race." Sun Yat-sen had once indicated his opinion of such efforts by stating flatly: "The nationalism of the Kuomintang has two meanings: the first is that the Chinese nation should emancipate itself; the second is that the different nationalities in China should be equal." Chiang abandons both criteria.

What is striking enough in the abstract becomes even more so when we consider the historical circumstances in which the book appeared. *China's Destiny* was concocted in 1942-43, at a time when both Chiang Kai-shek's own country and the United Nations were at the Valley Forge of the war against Axis fascism. Yet of its original pages only twelve are devoted to the war and its needs. The other two hundred castigate the past misdeeds of Allied countries and such "un-Chinese" ideas as liberalism and communism. Fascism is nowhere assailed at all, either as being unsuited to China or on its philosophical "merits." The fact is that Chiang's Kuomintang, in 1942-43, was beginning to build a bridge to the Axis in case victory fell to it. The book was the ideological buttress of that bridge.

Further exploration of the *China's Destiny* morass yields still more stigmata. The man who ghosted the book for Chiang was Tao Hsi-sheng, an "ex-Marxist" of the type we know too well here. Tao had celebrated his initial desertion by becoming a one-man Rankin Committee against the anti-Japanese student movement of

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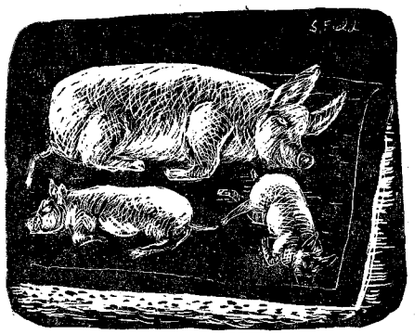
1935, when he published full-page advertisements in the papers, mysteriously paid for by someone else, charging the students with being financed from Moscow. His wartime career included more than a year in the Japanese puppet government of Wang Ching-wei, after which he returned to Chungking and grace, and was immediately appointed one of Chiang Kai-shek's private secretaries. The desertions, back and forth, of such men as Tao Hsi-sheng and Wu Kai-hsien were the medium of direct contact between Chiang and the Japanese enemy.

Further instances of the services of renegades and Trotzkyites to Kuomintang fascism are seen in the second book, *Chinese Economic Theory*. This treatise seeks to prove that no economic ideas other than those arising from her own ancient sages have any validity for the future of China, and that in any case Chinese feudal thought anticipated all progress. In the sphere of rural property relations, the main immediate problem in a country that is agrarian and feudal, this treatise attacks the equalization of land rights (Sun Yat-sen's: "The land to those who till it"), which is practiced by the Chinese Communists. Instead it advocates: Collectivization! But this ultra-left word, it explains, covers an ideal of a special Chinese traditional type—the tying of peasants to the soil in large farms under bureaucratic landlord control with military conscripts alone permitted to leave. Here Jaffe makes a telling comparison with the economy of Zaibatsu-militarist Japan before Pearl Harbor. Japan also laid a feudal foundation under a powerful war machine. The only purpose of such a militarized economy, since feudalism provides no home market, can be to suppress discontent at home and conquer markets and wealth abroad.

Our favorite review of *China's Destiny*, and indictment of Chiang Kai-shek, is still the one written during the war by the Chinese Communist critic Chen Pai-ta, which has been printed once in the United States and should certainly be reprinted. Chen Pai-ta, incidentally, has just written a book himself, *The Four Great Families of China* (those of Chiang, T. V. Soong, H. H. Kung and the Chen brothers). He shows conclusively that these four families actually own the Kuomintang's armies, government, treasury, industries, bureaucratic commercial banks and foreign affairs machinery, in other words that they own all China apart from the Communist-led liberated areas. The feudal monopolists in their turn are entirely dependent on the United States, whose exclusive compradores they are fast becoming. But the challenge of the Chinese people's movement to their control is greater than ever before, and this time cannot be held.

The Four Great Families should not wait as long as *China's Destiny* for US publication, because the two together can expose Chinese fascism completely.



S. Field.

Apples and Guns

PICASSO—FIFTY YEARS OF HIS ART, *by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Museum of Modern Art.* $6.

PICASSO—THE RECENT YEARS, *by Harriet and Sidney Janis. Doubleday.* $7.50.

Two new publications on Picasso cover chronologically the great painter's activity up to his most recent, even unfinished work. The Modern Museum's opus, *Fifty Years of His Art,* is merely an enlargement of the book issued during its large Picasso exhibit, titled *Forty Years of His Art.* Barr has worked assiduously on the notes to the illustrations, ferreting out every clue to Picasso's changing periods. The book is of prime importance in revealing all the facets of the painter's work as well as describing many of the sources and incidents relative to his many-sided development.

I think that Barr, in trying too hard to be the objective scholar, treats every period with the same amount of emphasis, or rather lack of it. Thus, when we reach Picasso's masterly synthesis of his cubist and flat-space exploration in the grand curvelinear still-lives of 1924-26, we find it treated as one more phase of his work instead of a climax in his career. There is, however, a very full account of "Guernica" and the painter's involvement in the Spanish war. But Barr, in paying homage to the mural, cannot resist this remarkable touch of esthetic snobbery: ". . . a hundred years from now the death of the two poets Byron and Lorca, and the painting of the two canvases, Delacroix's *Massacre at Chios* and Picasso's *Guernica,* may be more widely remembered than the wars themselves" (p. 263). Barr seems anxious to remove from the painting the "stigma" of its inspiration.

Barr quotes two statements on painting by Picasso which (particularly the one made in 1935) are extremely illuminating and valuable for painters, critics, and all those who want to understand his work.

To the book which covers Picasso's work of 1939 to 1946 Harriet and Sidney Janis bring their knowledge of and their enthusiasm for his work. It is an exciting book because of the many fine examples chosen to point up the power and fecundity of the work of Picasso's recent years. It is richly illustrated with 135 plates, including five in color. There is a short history of Picasso's activities during the war years, photographs of the man and also of some of his motifs alongside the paintings themselves. The authors discuss the pictures in terms of their plastic and psychological aspects and illuminate many ideas in Picasso's work, even if they lean a bit heavily on the "psychological" transformations.

What I think has not been pointed out in reference to Picasso's late work is what might be called the "homecoming" of his art. By this I mean his coming to view the everyday subject as an immediate experience. Here we find a large stock of portraits, keen, warm, satiric or tormented, still-lives imparting a great love for the most commonplace of kitchen utensils, pitchers, lamps and tomato plants as well as still-lives saturated with the motive of death, featuring human and animal skulls. There are also a number of Paris scenes, most of them centered around the Notre Dame environs. Never before in his art has Picasso seized upon so varied a group of subjects for his creative purpose — one might say he now rejects nothing in nature just as formerly he selected special programs for concentrated study. Furthermore, the paint textures and colors bristle with an almost Van-Goghish anxiety to communicate his emotional states. In marked contrast to many other moderns who have fin-

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ished their little tune, Picasso is now doing his greatest work, which, in my opinion, means the greatest in our time. That some of the "double" portraits will prove a stumbling block similar to that set up by Cezanne's bathers in a former period I have no doubt. But of all distortions that of the human face is the one which collides most with all our conventional prejudices.

My quarrel with the authors is on their chapter "Politics." They head this chapter with a quotation from Picasso taken out of context, which says, "It is not necessary to paint a man with a gun. An apple can be just as revolutionary." The authors go on to add that this remark "reflects Picasso's lifelong attitude toward art, that the subject matter, however important in itself, is merely a point of departure." This is merely their construing of his attitude and is similar to the opinion sometimes expressed about Giotto's art, that the latter's choice of the St. Francis story is incidental and that his abstract forms only need concern us. I think this entire idea is refuted by Picasso's late work and is even contradicted by the authors when they say "Picasso . . . has projected the violence of the war years . . . through an emotional, sometimes symbolic, imagery. . . ." The strongest refutation, however, is in a statement Picasso wrote down for a correspondent who thought his joining the Communist Party might be a caprice of the painter: "What do you think an artist is? An imbecile who has only his eyes if he's a painter, or ears if he's a musician? On the contrary, he's at the same time a political being, constantly alive to heart-rending, fiery or happy events, to which he responds in every way. How would it be possible to feel no interest in other people and by virtue of an ivory indifference to detach yourself from the life which they so copiously bring you? No, painting is not done to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of war for attack and defense against the enemy." The date of this statement is 1945.

JOSEPH SOLMAN.

Light on Puerto Rico

THE STRICKEN LAND, *by Rexford Guy Tugwell. Doubleday.* $4.50.

DESPITE serious failings, *The Stricken Land* is a useful analysis of Tugwell's efforts to better the welfare of Puerto Rico in cooperation with the majority Popular Democratic Party leader, Munoz Marin. During his five years as governor of this American colony, Tugwell struggled for a program of land reform and industrialization against vicious attacks on the part of American and insular reactionaries. Tugwell also found himself hampered by Congressional measures which disregarded differences between the continental and insular situations. For example, the absence of defense industry, coupled with WPB building restrictions and the submarine blockade, caused widespread unemployment in Puerto Rico while the United States was enjoying full employment. Federal laws prevented Tugwell from effectively coping with this problem.

Tugwell describes how he was Red-baited for advocating a liberal economic program. He was accused of having caused the food shortage on the island by the same interests which fought against his attempts to build emergency stockpiles and restrict the use of wartime shipping space to necessities.

His enemies have even tried to blame him for the current sugar shortage in the US because he had supported the subsidizing of subsistence crops grown on lands formerly devoted to sugar.

Colonization is characterized by Tugwell as "setting up things so that the colony sold its raw products in a cheap market (in the mother country) and bought its food and other finished goods in a dear market (also in the mother country). "Relief," he says, "was something which the Congress made Puerto Rico beg for, hard, and in the most revolting ways, as a beggar does on a church step, filthy hat in hand, exhibiting sores, calling and grimacing in exaggerated humility."

Tugwell recognized the urgent need for industrialization and did much to advance a government-sponsored industrial development program. He fears the US will not allow such a program to continue, citing the sabotage of a similar program in the Philippines when Governor General Harrison was replaced by General Leonard Wood. He is insistent on the right of Puerto Ricans to take part in the negotiation of agreements and Congressional bills affecting them. He says "It is for us—some among us, supported by the rest—to make free people of Puerto Ricans, to give them self-government as I had it when I grew up as a citizen of New York or as you had it elsewhere in the States."

Tugwell presents the reasons for granting independence, yet he balks at carrying them to their logical conclusion because he feels Congress would never provide the necessary economic guarantees. He fears that the sudden elimination of subsidies and special privileges would lead to such economic chaos that Puerto Rico would fall prey to the first demagogic dictator who appeared.

What Tugwell forgets is that Puerto Rico's 2,100,000 people cannot be dismissed as unimportant to American merchants, and that the US does not subsidize Puerto Rican sugar out of generosity, but rather because it needs sugar. These facts would give Puerto Rico considerable bargaining power in the arrangement of commercial treaties with the United States. Under the present colonial system, such arrangements are made without any consultation with the Puerto Rican people.

Tugwell's greatest error is his confusion of *Independentistas, Nacionalistas* and *Comunistas*. In some places he describes the *Independentistas* as wanting more than Congress would

Second Edition

A new edition of NEW MASSES' pamphlet *A WORLD "CHRISTIAN FRONT"?*, by V. J. Jerome, is just off the press. Included in this second edition is the author's brilliant reply to an article by Clare Boothe Luce. In his answer to Mrs. Luce's piece which appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune* under the title of "The Communist Challenge to the Christian World," Mr. Jerome further unmasks the advocates of "holy war."

Already widely circulated, this pamphlet merits the most extensive distribution. Priced at five cents per copy, it is available from NEW MASSES at the rate of four cents each in bundle orders of twenty-five copies or more.

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ever be disposed to grant. But most of the time he represents them as wanting independence merely to satisfy their national pride, regardless of the economic consequences. The *Nacionalistas* he only mentions three times in the book and tells us no more about them than that they were, "if not Communists, at least allied with them for the common purpose of causing disorder." The *Comunistas*, he writes, "were using independence as a means of causing trouble for another '*capitalist*' nation." Although he feels the *Comunistas* were fomenting disorder, he admits that the FBI was making a grave mistake in not realizing that it was the *Falangistas* who constituted a real threat to our security, rather than the *Comunistas*. He also accuses the *Comunistas* of the crime of having helped to organize the workers in government-operated industries.

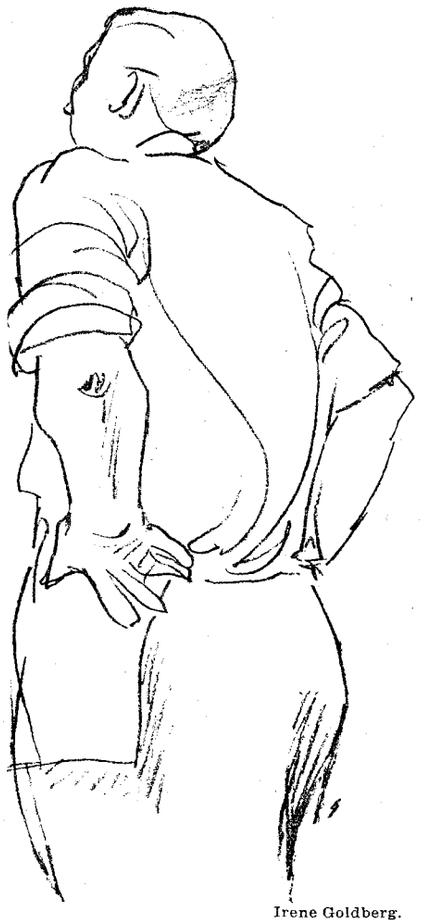
Tugwell misrepresents all these groups. The *Independentistas* insist on independence with the minimum economic guarantees necessary to establish a stable economy. Their program is a practical one which would benefit the United States as well as Puerto Rico. Their principal error has been that of antagonizing Munoz Marin and Tugwell by attacking their whole progressive program, instead of just trying to point out that such a program is sound, but cannot be carried out until sovereignty is achieved. The *Independentistas* are led by Concepcion de Gracia and the Congreso *Pro-Independencia*, which is not even mentioned in Tugwell's book. This organization can certainly not be dismissed lightly, considering that over 20,000 delegates attended its second insular convention.

The *Nacionalistas* are an insignificant group of fanatics who would accept any kind of independence, regardless of the economic consequences. Many of Tugwell's misstatements about the *Independentistas* would correctly apply to the *Nacionalistas*.

The *Comunistas*, during most of Tugwell's administration, were following a revisionist policy even more far-reaching than on the continent. They gave unqualified support to both the Popular Democratic Party and Tugwell's reform program. But they were so weak at the time that it is doubtful if Tugwell knew very much about them. He evidentally just enlarged on some preconceived notions of what Communists did and invented an imaginary opponent. Today, the newly-constituted Communist Party in Puerto Rico is rapidly growing in strength by trying to unite the people behind the Popular Party's industrialization program, but at the same time pointing out that such a program can only be carried out when the island is independent and has, among other advantages, the freedom to contract its own commercial treaties with the United States, as well as with other nations.

It would be a serious error to reject Tugwell's entire book because of his errors and omissions. It is unfortunate that a better book has not been written about Puerto Rico. It is also regrettable that North Americans have shown so little interest in a colony exploited by their own government. Tugwell has shown that the same reactionary forces which are suppressing the rights of the Puerto Rican people are also the enemies of progress in the United States. Even though he reaches certain incorrect conclusions, and misrepresents the forces working for independence on the island, he does throw light on the nature of American colonial exploitation. From that point of view his book will be helpful in battling American imperialism.

LEONARD D. HARRIS.



Irene Goldberg.

Whiskey & Mayhem

THE BUTTERFLY, *by James M. Cain. Knopf. $2.*

MR. CAIN'S novels always follow the same pattern: he takes a subject new to the reader—opera singers, how to cheat an insurance company, the workings of a bank, etc., and against this background writes a tightly-plotted yarn of romance and violence.

In his latest book, *The Butterfly*, Cain gives you a lesson in how to make corn whiskey, a little information on old mine shafts, a few killings, and an almost tender story of a father's physical love for his daughter. Unfortunately, while Mr. Cain may have wanted to write about incest—a little-publicized sociological problem — he must have been worried about the censor, or possible movie sale of the story, for the contrived plot twists and turns, as if in pain. On one page the girl is his daughter, two pages later we find out she isn't his child, then she is, etc. Instead of a serious novel about incest, *The Butterfly* is merely a mild little piece, easy to read, moving with Mr. Cain's usual swift pace.

The story deals with Jess Tyler, a hill farmer, a sober, righteous character whose wife has run off with another man—Moke—many years ago. As the story opens, his daughter Kady, a pretty nineteen-year-old kid, returns to live with him. Kady is an easy-going lady, full of cute ideas about making corn liquor, who knows Jess wants her and eggs him on. Alone on his farm with Kady, Jess fights the desire to love his daughter.

Kady had to leave her mother, Belle, in a nearby town because she had a baby by Wash, a mine owner's son, and his family won't let him marry Kady. Another sister brings the baby to Jess, because Moke had tried to kidnap the child. The baby has a birthmark in the shape of a butterfly on his navel. Moke also returns to his shack in the hills, and Belle, Jess' wife, returns in the last stages of T.B. and dies trying to kill Moke. Wash, the father of the baby, turns up about this time, ready to do right by our Kady.

If this isn't clear to the reader,

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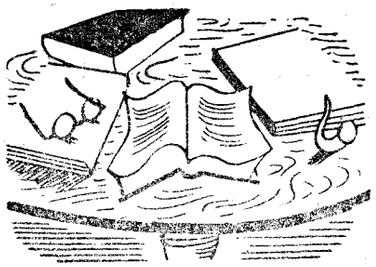

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neither is it to Jess, who wonders why Moke is so interested in the baby. Accidentally finding out that Moke also has a butterfly birthmark on his belly, Jess believes Moke is the father of the baby and tells this to Wash, who leaves town the day he is to marry Kady. Moke tries to kill Jess, but Jess shoots him first and before Moke dies he tells Jess he (Jess) isn't the father of Kady —the butterfly mark runs in the men of Moke's family, therefore Moke is the father of Kady; Belle had been two-timing Jess long before she ran away with Moke.

Knowing Kady isn't his real daughter, Jess happily asks her to marry him. Although she still believes Jess is her father, Kady has no objections to marrying papa, and they go over the county line and are married. Moke's brother has them arrested for incest, and Jess has to tell all, to clear himself. Kady refuses to believe Moke was her father, Wash returns again, and the book ends with Wash, Kady and Moke's brother taking pot shots at Jess.

In spite of the plot, Jess comes through as a clear, understandable character, a lonely, hard-working, church-going man, wanting only to do what he thinks is right. Kady, the wicked daughter, is not half so well done; Cain never explains her conduct, her reasoning, and she is not believable.

Probably to fill out the short book, Cain wrote a seventeen-page preface which has a few tips on how to write, and a plea on Cain's part that he is not a follower of the Hemingway school, that he was writing "tough" stories long before Hemingway. Cain says he doesn't write about labor, "for reflection had long since convinced me that this theme, though it constantly attracts a certain type of intellectual, is really dead seed for a novelist."

This is a curious statement for Cain to make. Although fascinated by romance and violence, Cain knows—and is learning — something about labor, about the struggle of the majority of the people for security and peace. As one of the authors of the American Authors' Authority (AAA) plan, he surely knows the working conditions facing writers, and Cain himself has been the target of a nationwide Red-baiting campaign. Perhaps if he tried writing about "labor"—say, about the problems of writers — he would find that instead of "dead seed" (like *The Butterfly*) he would have an honest novel, breathing life and realism. Ir life, as Cain must know, strong romance is not the easy answer to unemployment, housing, discrimination and the many other ills of our society.

If Cain would only study the people and their very real problems, if he would forget his violence gimmick that he uses as a magic wand to solve everything (in books), he would find that labor and the people are only "dead seed" when viewed from an intellectual cemetery.

FRED WITWER.

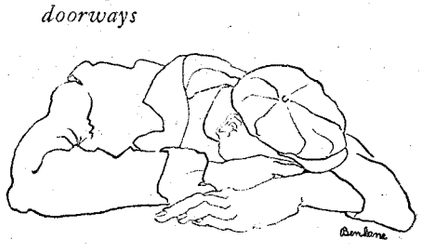
In a Shuttered House

GREEN SONG AND OTHER POEMS, *by Edith Sitwell. View Editions, distributed by the Vanguard Press.* $3.

EDITH SITWELL is a poet whose province is both the hard and magical exterior of things and the ego's underworld. It is unfortunate that the present volume isn't more rewarding. Here we have a brilliant poet with a shrewd, long-practiced dexterity. In her poetry are a sure music and a delightful play of more than surface wit. But despite the intensive and sometimes successful use of the motif of resurrection throughout the book, the symbolism — and therefore the poetry—doesn't ring true. It is almost as if it were the frightened cry of an aging woman, and hardly about all the beauty gone and to be born again. It is rather, as Miss Sitwell writes in a note to one of the poems ("Lo, This Is She That Was the World's Desire"), that the whole volume seems to be "about the girl who once walked under the flowering trees in the garden next door, and who is now old and bent, waiting for death in a shuttered house. . . ."

Miss Sitwell now turns to the inward passion of love and Grace and God—to "gestation, generation and duration."

For now the unborn God in the human heart
Knows for a moment all sublimities . . .
Old people at evening sitting in the doorways



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See in a broken window of the slum
The Burning Bush reflected, and the crumb
For the starving bird is part of the broken Body
Of Christ Who forgives us—He with the bright Hair
The Sun Whose Body was split on our fields to bring us harvest.

The English poet's present religiosity, it is important to note, is not merely the result of age seeking faith. It is a sign of her inability to find an answer to the need for a change in the outer world, an inability which stems from turning one's back on historical reality to dabble in deity. When only decrepit remnants of a decadent world manipulate exuberant reality, making it a farce for human bedevilment, it is not strange that the Edith Sitwells turn to a ritual of blood and veins and green fires. They haven't the courage to change their outside world, and though the force that is in them is real and activating, they lie passively waiting for the greater, the *en masse*, to remake the world they shrink from.

HARRIET HAMBARIN.

Books Received

FRENCH LABOR FROM POPULAR FRONT TO LIBERATION, *by Henry W. Ehrmann. Oxford University Press.* $4. A presentation of development of the French trade union movement from the crisis of the French republican institutions in 1934 to the liberation of France from the Germans ten years later.

AMERICANS: THE STORY OF THE 442ND COMBAT TEAM, *by Major Orville C. Shirey. Infantry Journal.* $5. An account of the campaigns of the Japanese American units whose record in Italy and southern France won them the admiration of every soldier in the Mediterranean theater of war.

STEPPENWOLF, *by Hermann Hesse. Holt.* $2.75. A reprint of the novel first published in translation in the United States in 1929. Hesse has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature for 1946.

DROUGHT: ITS CAUSES AND EFFECTS, *by Ivan Ray Tannehill. Princeton University Press.* $3. A comprehensive study of the causes of drought and the means of combatting it by the Chief of the US Weather Bureau's Division of Synoptic Reports and Forecasts.

ALL MY SONS, *by Arthur Miller. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $2. A fine play, now running on Broadway. Reviewed by Isidor Schneider in NEW MASSES, Feb. 18, 1947. Valuable both for those who have not seen the play and for those who wish to keep a record of it.

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ON BROADWAY

THE background of *The Story of Mary Surratt* is the assassination of Lincoln and the attempted assassination of the members of his Cabinet, in the hope of paralyzing the government at Washington and, through the confusion, creating opportunities to restore slavery in America. Such a background would require a heroic central figure and a major—and above all, clear—issue to occupy the foreground. Instead we get a questionable and, at best, weak character, the landlady at the boarding house where the assassinations were plotted; and a minor and dubious issue: whether the circumstantial evidence on which she was sentenced was sufficient for the conviction.

To carry off this morally and dramatically disproportionate venture John Patrick, the author, commits the very wrongs he professes to abhor. He prejudices; he distorts; he ruthlessly withholds all allowance for emotional strain and shock. Thus, in the dialogue of the Union guards, one hears only talk of the reward money; in the behavior of the judges and prosecutors one is shown only lip-smacking sadism; and public feeling is reduced to the stoning of the Surratt home—that is, the "bestial mob-frenzy" to which anti-democratic tradition prefers to reduce all popular action. Nothing of the patriotic anger, the grief over the death of a beloved leader, the loathing toward the enemies of human freedom! Yet by sneering such feelings away Mr. Patrick sneers off any reason for his play, which can exist only on the validity of such emotions.

It is in his portrayal of Mary Surratt that the contradictions of Mr. Patrick's position become most clear. She must be made heroic to keep her from being overwhelmed by the background. For that purpose she is shown in the opening scenes as a wise, responsible, perceptive woman. But, since the conspiracy was hatched in her boarding house, and her own son was one of the plotters, her innocence can only be assumed if she was weak, irresponsible and stupid. Mr. Patrick gets around this dilemma by making her physically near-sighted and her son a psycopath. Indeed, Mr. Patrick is ingenious in covering up the contradictions. Nevertheless, the area to be covered is too large even for his resourceful hand; and there are places where the covering, which includes religious comforts and court-plea rhetoric, is stretched thin.

The conviction of Mary Surratt, in Mr. Patrick's conclusion, was obtained on circumstantial evidence, interpreted by hostile passion. But Mr. Patrick, in turn, convicts Mrs. Surratt's judges on circumstantial evidence as well, interpreted with comparable hostility. And in the judges' case, considering the emotional tensions produced by Lincoln's assassination, immediately after a long and agonizing war, the circumstances were extenuating.

Though Mr. Patrick's playwrighting is purplish, it is on the whole effective. It is regrettable to have it wasted on such a self-defeating theme.

If Mr. Patrick holds to all that the the story of Mary Surratt implies he must be set down as a reactionary writer. But sometimes, in the attempt to save an ill-embarked venture, a writer goes beyond his first intentions. It would be wise for Mr. Patrick to rethink his play. Does he really wish to defend everything that takes refuge behind the skirts of his dubious martyr?

The production is rather handsomely directed by the author, the acting is excellent, particularly that of Dorothy Gish as Mary Surratt; Kent Smith as Mrs. Surratt's lawyer, Senator Reverdy Johnson; Elizabeth Ross as Ann Surratt and Harlan Briggs as Father Wiget; and among the minor roles, John Punley as the defeated Confederate General, Jubal Bentley. It is significant that the most incisively and sympathetically written lines were those given to the Catholic priest. Fashion? Or Mr. Patrick's personal preference?

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

JAZZ RECORDS

WHAT makes the recordings of the "Circle" label, supervised by Rudi Blesh, an outstanding series of new jazz records is their true folk quality. This term is hard to define. The ear recognizes it, however, in the honest emotion of this music, so that one feels a direct communication between the artist and the listener without the interfering hand of the publicity expert, the song plugger, the stolen cliche pretentiously dressed up. Its base

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is the common, well-loved coin of the spiritual or blues phrase, elaborated in surprising, fanciful, many-voiced textures because each performer feels free to use his own imagination. The music is by no means simple, but every note communicates. These "Circle" records are not only good but important. They belong not only in the jazz collection, but in the collection of every serious student of music. Much early folk music, out of which Western music sprang, must have been of this polyphonic nature.

Montana Taylor, in an album of "Barrelhouse Blues," reveals a sensi-

George.

tive piano touch, a deep feeling and creative imagination that puts most modern "boogie-woogie" piano to shame (S-2). "God Leads His Dear Children Along" (R-3001) is a rhythmic spiritual, an amazingly beautiful piece of free improvisation, far different from the concert spiritual. It is sung by Sister Berenice Phillips and Harold Lamb. "Bucket Got a Hole In It" (J-1012), a first-rate orchestral record, is what seems to me to be an old hymn tune played in New Orleans march style, with a continuous interweaving of George Lewis' clarinet and Jim Robinson's trombone. Bertha "Chippie" Hill records four blues with fine, expressive trumpet by Lee Collins (J-1003, 4). Here recreated is the old-time blues singing of the kind that made Bessie Smith unforgettable, a full-throated voice and a wonderful self-dramatization and projection of feminine independence. The "Trouble in Mind" and "How Long" coupling is especially beautiful.

An album of "Marching Jazz" (S-1) brings to life the New Orleans marches, combining Sousa, cake-walk and folk song, as they were played in Mardi Gras parades and served as the repertory for the Original Dixieland band and King Oliver's legendary Chicago band. Modern jazz followers will call this "corn," but Lewis' clarinet line and Robinson's tailgate trombone are in the best jazz tradition, and "Fidgety Feet" in particular reaches a dizzy complexity which makes it one of the great jazz records. Albert Nicholas generates real clarinet heat in "Wolverine Blues," with Don Ewell's piano and Baby Dodds' drums, on a disc backed by Dodds' most interesting "Drum Improvisation No. 1" (J-1001). Dodds, incidentally, plays splendid drums on all the above records. In more familiar paths are the same group's "Albert's Blues" and Don Ewell's "Manhattan Stomp" (J-1002). Equally solid is J. H. "Freddie" Shayne's "Mr. Freddy's Rag" and "Chestnut Street Boogie" (J-1011). Finally the Tennessee Gabriel sings two spirituals of which "Precious Lord Hold My Hand" is a particularly touching melody, revealing the bridge between the mountain song and the blues (R-3002). Circle records are issued at 38 East 4th St., N.Y.C.

Muggsy Spanier can also be called a folk artist, not playing the style of music above but projecting the Midwest buoyancy and nostalgia such as Bix Beiderbecke brought to jazz, with a freedom from exhibitionism and a sincerity that makes everything he touches turn to music. Accompanied by Pee Wee Russell's dry clarinet wit, Nick Ciazza's tenor and fine rhythm by Schroeder, Haggart and Wettling, his album (Disc 711) is most enjoyable music. "Jazz at the Philharmonic," Vol. 4, featuring sax playing by Jack McVea and Illinois Jacquet, reproduces the contagion of the modern jam session, in music that is at best thin and tending toward sensationalism (Disc 504). "New Fifty-Second Street Jazz," with groups led by Dizzy Gillespie and Coleman Hawkins, is the folklore of the night club, abandoning blues, pop tune and any melodic base whatsoever for chromatic and showy instrumental flights that are only wierdly interesting (Victor HJ-9). Fats Waller's duet with Zutty Singleton, in "Moppin and Boppin" (Victor 40-4003), is good fun, and Louis Armstrong recalls his oldtime greatness in "Mahogany Hall Stomp" (Victor 20-2008) with Barney Bigard and Kid Ory. S. FINKELSTEIN.

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